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THE WEAPON IN OUR HAND

DISCUSSION of the Supplies and Services Bill has been confused both by Mr. Churchill's extravagant attacks and by a certain ambiguity on the Government side about whether this is an important or only, as the Lord Chancellor said, a "little" Bill.

It is no doubt true that the Bill originated merely in a desire on the part of Mr. Morrison that the use of Regulations, already available to the Government under the 1945 Act, should not be invalidated by the courts. It is equally true that the Cabinet had no intention of enlarging its powers when it approved the Bill. But this does not alter the fact that the scope of Defence Regulations has been enlarged to include purposes which go beyond the war and its immediate aftermath. In brief, the Government is saying, quite correctly, that we are in a more or less permanent state of emergency and that only Socialist measures, carried through by Regulation, can see us through. Many Conservatives in effect accepted this as the truth.

Mr. Churchill, of course, seized the chance to accuse the Government of totalitarianism. He pointed out that the Government can now do almost anything—including direction of labour and the acquisition of the factory of any recalcitrant manufacturer—not merely to overcome the "transitional" difficulties of post-war redeployment, but to impose a permanent pattern on the nation's economy. He complained that the Cabinet was assuming blanket powers, while deliberately refraining from giving any clear idea of how those powers would be used. In the course of debate, most Opposition speakers acquitted Mr. Attlee of dictatorial ambitions, but Lord Vansittart made the point that the apparently harmless emergency provisions of the Weimar Constitution had permitted Brüning to rule by decree and had thus paved the way for Hitlerism.

There is, quite obviously, a sound case for maintaining such emergency powers. The crisis, into which we are drifting, is as serious as any disaster we suffered in the war—including Dunkirk. If we fail to overcome it, we may lose our independence just as surely as by defeat in war. Such a crisis demands powers like those enacted in 1940. The Government must be enabled to act quickly, decisively and, on occasion, without prior reference to Parliament. We are convinced that without speedy and well-planned use of Regulations, the Government cannot surmount its difficulties; and we must remember that all Orders in Council can be "prayed against" while they lie on the table—a valuable safeguard of Parliamentary sovereignty.

This, then, was the Government's opportunity to explain clearly and simply the nature of the crisis, the reasons why these extraordinary powers have to be retained in times of peace, and the character of the plan in pursuance of which the Regulations would be used. The unsatisfying generalities of the debate on the State of the Nation could have been filled in with the details which would have made them meaningful to the general public. In the early 1930s there was general agreement amongst Socialists, including Mr. Attlee—that Socialism would only come as the result of, and during a period of, deep crisis. The Prime Minister, Mr. Dalton and Sir Stafford Cripps had rightly foreseen the necessity for a temporary increase of delegated legislation. Last week, the moment came to put theory into practice and to justify some inevitable infringements of personal liberty by a reminder that Fascism is the result not of the assumption by democrats of emergency powers, but of failure to use them effectively.

Unfortunately, the debates showed only too clearly that the Government is still unable to unfold either the details of its plan, or even a Socialist justification for the Bill. When Mr. Morrison pugnaciously asserted that he "was not going to be cross-examined in advance of what we are going to do with the powers when we get them," it was all too evident that he had not sufficiently cross-examined the Cabinet.

In these circumstances, accusations of totalitarian ambitions were palpably wide of the mark. A far more telling criticism is that the Government, having no plan, is advertising emergency Regulations as a substitute.

The sole justification for a Bill of this sort, passed by a Socialist Government, is its success. If by the use of Regulations the Cabinet begins the rationalisation and concentration of industry, and thereby lays the economic foundations of a genuine Social-Democracy—whose permanent fabric can be built by normal legislation—then the Supplies and Services Bill will have contributed to British liberty. But if the Government founders, this measure might threaten our freedom. It is a dangerous precedent, a tool which is commendable if the present Government does the job, but one which might become a deadly weapon if picked up by a reactionary administration. It is justified by the crisis, which calls for more, not less action; but it imposes on the Cabinet a greater responsibility than ever before.

Pyrrhic Victory

Last Monday's meeting of the Parliamentary Labour Party appears to have ended—if we may rely on the versions of the proceedings which appeared in next morning's newspapers—in a situation as unsatisfactory to the Cabinet as to its "rebel" critics. The Cabinet must have been impressed by the weight of the criticism which seems to have been voiced, that the steps taken to meet the economic crisis (particularly in relation to the need for economising in military expenditure) have so far been irresolute and ineffective. That the meeting evidently agreed to accord the Government more time to work out details of its programme is probably a tribute to the Party's loyalty to its leaders rather than a reflection of their confidence that resolution in action will be forthcoming. As for the specific issue whether the steel industry is to be nationalised, the Cabinet appears to have vindicated its claim to be allowed to shape the Parliamentary programme for the next Session without dictation from the Party. But, assuming always that the reports in the daily press are correct, the resolution asserting this principle was carried by the exceedingly narrow margin of 81 votes to 77. The inference to be drawn from these figures (combined

with the significant number of abstentions which there must have been) is that, if there is no mention in the next King's Speech of a Bill to nationalise steel, there will be criticism from a majority of the Parliamentary Party. The Government has two months in which to make up its mind; and, between now and next October, the annual conference of the T.U.C. will have met and may have placed its views on public record. Meanwhile, the steel magnates will no doubt complain that the industry is being asked to expand its output without any guarantee that it will not be nationalised. Labour M.P.s, on the other hand, will have the embarrassing task of explaining to their constituents that they must "wait and see" whether the Cabinet has defeated the "rebels" or whether it is marching forward in the wake of its own supporters. All that seems certain is that rumours of an immediate Government declaration reprieving the steel capitalists will not be substantiated, and that there will be, at present, no resignations from the Cabinet.

Paupers Consolidated

The sixteen nations participating in the Paris Marshall Plan Conference have completed the questionnaires sent to them; the Steering Committee is now in a position to add up into one big figure the number of dollars which the participants claim to be necessary to bridge the gap between their resources and their requirements over the next four years. It is evident, however, that the U.S. State Department's conception of a credit-worthy Western Bloc is something very different from a Grand Consolidated Union of Paupers extending collectively a single, outsize hat for American doles. Equally evident is it that, if a grouping of Western European nations is to impress Congress with the likelihood of its being a going concern, there must be some approach towards agreement on an integrated plan of economic development, even if the proposals aired by the Benelux States for a currency and Customs union must at present be regarded as very long-range objectives. Is there any hope of such agreement being reached during the next few months? Indications from Paris are not encouraging; indeed, it would be optimistic to suppose that rapid progress can be made in reconciling the diverse interests of sixteen nations in a realistic joint plan for domestic reconstruction and external trade. Above all, it is difficult to see how the Paris Conference can begin to tackle this task until the future of the British Zone of Germany—an integral part of any Western European grouping—has been settled. Can we hope that Anglo-American discussions will result in a scheme acceptable to France, who has now been promised merely an opportunity of expressing her views before any Anglo-American agreement is "finally formulated and adopted"? Ostensibly, the Strang Mission is discussing only the "technical" problem of raising Ruhr coal production. The U.S.A., it is reported, will offer to shoulder the burden of providing more food for the area and ample American machinery and expert direction for the mines, provided that the question of nationalising the coal-field is shelved for, say, five years. If this meant merely that a decision as to the ultimate ownership of the mines were to be left genuinely open until there was a democratic sovereign government in Germany, no great concern need be felt. (It has never been quite clear what "nationalising" Ruhr coal could mean in the absence of a *de jure* Government of the Reich.) But if the Americans intend to establish firmly in the Ruhr an interim regime based on the substantial restoration of private German ownership without international control, the issue would not in fact be left open or unprejudiced. Wall Street's conceptions would triumph regardless of Europe's demand for security. Acceptance of such a plan by the British Government, after Mr. Bevin's repeated declarations to the contrary, would be regarded throughout Western Europe as a complete sell-out of Social-democracy.

The Armed Forces

The latest figures on the size of the Armed Forces, given by the Government last week, make little sense. The Prime Minister disclosed that of the 1,300,000 now under arms, only 500,000 are overseas and that, of the estimated total of 1,007,000 for March 1948, 700,000 would be stationed in this country. Such a mammoth home force might be required if invasion were imminent. As it is, the explanation must be that the Government is determined to continue the maintenance of a large force which is ready for immediate operational action. Its concession to the need to cut down overseas expenditure is to transfer troops from overseas, where their presence could possibly be justified, to the United Kingdom, where it cannot be. Apart from the almost derisory cut of 80,000 announced by the Prime Minister, Mr. Dalton forecast that the number still retained in the Services at the end of next year would be in the neighbourhood of 840,000. By that time there will be only 300,000 conscripts and, at the present rate of voluntary recruitment, about 350,000 Servicemen on regular engagements. As the length of service has been fixed under the National Service Act at twelve months, and as all men called up prior to its operation have been promised release within two years, replacements will not be available for a force greater than 600,000–650,000. The Government will then be in a dilemma. To reduce the Armed Forces by a quarter of a million in the first month of 1949 would be impossible because of the dislocation it would cause. Consequently, the Government will either have to break its promise to those called up between the beginning of 1947 and the end of 1948 that they shall not serve longer than two years, or increase the period of National Service from twelve months to eighteen. Either course would arouse great indignation and make it look foolish politically, in view of past pledges and assurances. Its only way out is to cut far more drastically, and more rapidly, now.

The Last Stages in India

The final phase before the transfer of power has ended in a sudden burst of amiability all round on the higher political levels, only marred by the persistent riots which flicker on in the danger spots of Calcutta, Bombay and the Punjab. Mr. Jinnah, as President of the Pakistan Constituent Assembly, has assured the minorities of tolerance and protection, and has recommended that all now drop religious differences as a basis for political divisions. The Moslem community in India has sworn allegiance to the new Dominion; and it appears that Hyderabad, will, like Travancore, renounce its absolute independence and sign the instrument of accession. Both Dominions have adopted a similar approach to the British by the appointment of British governors in a number of the provinces and by the retention of British officers at the head of the three Services. Both also combine in their hostility to Dutch conduct in Indonesia. To cap this concord, Mr. Gandhi, who has been begged by Hindu and Moslem leaders to use his influence to quell communal disturbances in Calcutta, has declared his intention to live in Pakistan. Inevitably, at the moment of departure of British authority, there are some regrets on all sides. Many older Indians are apprehensive that the change will bring disorders and lawlessness not compensated for by political liberty. Nostalgia for the days of the British Raj will tug at the hearts of some I.C.S. officials. Despite these last-minute looks over the shoulder a healthier atmosphere already prevails. Contacts between Indians and Europeans lack the self-consciousness of previous times and hold the promise of friendship between equals who understand each other. In Delhi the Legislative Assembly, so often the scene of frustrated and ineffective tirades, is now transformed into a Constituent Assembly of dignity and value. With the new atmosphere of co-operation between Congress, the Moslem league, and the Princes, and with the British at last seen in their proper perspective, the new Dominions will face the trials of the future fortified by leadership which has displayed, during the last six months, the maturity that was always latent.

Battle with Hollywood

If the 75 per cent tax on imported films is perhaps the one item in the Government's crisis measures which has caught the public imagination, it is not because the step taken by the Chancellor will be immediately effective in saving dollars. Remittances from this country to American producers will continue unchecked for at least six months, until the stock of imported films in the hands of renters runs out. For the approval which the impost has secured from the public Mr. Dalton has to thank the exaggerated protest from Hollywood, whose threat to stop all exports of new films to Britain has been taken by British cinemagoers with considerable equanimity—not to say amusement. A regrettable feature in the tax is that—in view, presumably, of our obligations under the Dollar Loan agreement—it is non-discriminatory. Because we cannot afford to waste dollars on Hollywood's Technicolor musicals, we are compelled to deprive audiences unnecessarily of French and other Continental films which we could well afford to buy. (Similarly, the indiscriminate reduction in the basic allowance of foreign exchange for tourists means that travel will have to be cut down even in countries with which we have a favourable trade balance.) The illogicality of Article 9 could not be better illustrated. In the case of films, it seems probable that exhibitors in the United States will retaliate against British productions; but it has never been clear how much the sales of British films in the U.S.A. brought home in hard cash. If the *ad valorem* duty is a permanency, and is not to be regarded simply as a bargaining move, it will have the healthy effect of deflating the senseless luxury of Hollywood productions; and it may help towards building up the British cinema industry. But many things may happen in the Dalton versus Hollywood battle (with Mr. J. Arthur Rank on the side-line) before next spring.

Poliomyelitis

The number of infantile paralysis cases has increased each summer week until it is now over three times as high as the worst week of our worst previous epidemic. The Minister of Health rightly asks for a "sense of proportion." Indeed, the facts are not nearly as bad as they sound. For one thing "infantile paralysis" is a misnomer (medically it is "poliomyelitis"). Its main victims are not infants, and paralysis of a permanent kind occurs in only about 2 per cent of cases. There have been few deaths under five years of age, and while the incidence of infection is high among schoolchildren, the present outbreak is spread over most age-groups. The figure for the current week will probably exceed 500, but a "sense of proportion" relates that to the prevailing figures of about 6,000 measles cases and 2,000 whooping-cough as a measure of comparative risks of infection. Many of the notified cases are not confirmed, but even of those which are many patients throw off the infection quickly and harmlessly. Even where paralytic symptoms do occur they frequently pass without lasting damage to the motor-centres or resulting incapacity. The doctors know little about the character of the disease except that it is produced by the smallest known virus, spread probably by coughing and sneezing, by sewage risks and by flies contaminating food. It is the visible evidence of the few permanent cripples—everyone knows that President Roosevelt triumphed over this disease—which, more than its prevalence, makes the disease alarming to the layman.

PARLIAMENT: Big Debates and "Little" Bills

Wednesday

MEMBERS crouched on the floor between the gangways, stood behind the Speaker's chair, and crowded the space beyond the bar. They savoured appreciatively the *hors-d'oeuvres* gracefully served by Stanley, crammed with witticisms such as his reference to Alexander's quarterdeck language in a previous economic debate, and the Government's intention to keep him out of this one—"though they cannot make him strong, at least they can keep him silent."

The setting was exactly right. When the Prime Minister rose he was heartily cheered and the air of expectancy heightened. For half an hour he methodically described the position in which the country found itself, and then came the measures to be taken, positive and negative. As each one was reached buoyancy and hope gradually departed from the House. A chill came on the Labour benches at the announcement that the Forces would be cut by only 80,000. It grew colder as the timber cut was revealed, but some heat was generated by the proposal that workers may be directed but managements must be requested. At the end, the House clearly felt that it had listened to a programme of palliatives and not to the long-term plan it had so eagerly awaited. Jack Jones sturdily tried to provide the call to the workers which had been omitted by Attlee, but it was no good: the House was temporarily too crushed to respond. Even a typical Zilliacus contribution failed to revive it. It was not until Mackay struck out at the remedy proposed by Hogg—a general election—that it came to life again. It listened attentively while he went on to a brilliant denunciation of multilateralism and a plea for a Customs Union in Europe.

Next day Dalton, looking tired and minus his usual self-confidence, embarked on a long defence of the policy of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, afterwards rashly venturing into some detailed figures on the size of the Armed Forces. These provoked a burst of cross-examining interruptions which relieved the feelings of the questioners and badly rattled the Chancellor, who proceeded to speak for two hours without saying any more than the Prime Minister had said in an hour and a half. Up to this point, Conservative policy for the crisis had not been expounded. Anderson now disclosed that it was disapproval of the premature introduction of Family Allowances, and of the hasty raising of Old Age Pensions and the School Leaving Age. In addition, he declared against the food subsidies, advocated deflation and finally recommended to the Government a study of the experiences of Socrates, who ended his life with hemlock. This last advice was slightly vitiated by his momentarily confusing him with Aristotle. Speeches which followed were short and thereby the more effective. Boothby, with customary charm and logic, delivered his 25-minute speech in 12 (allowing himself two extra minutes for interruptions). Driberg pointed out in eight minutes that agriculture would lose 120,000 slave labourers within a year, making increased demands on our manpower, and Fred Lee briefly and pungently made the case for a profits tax and real equality of sacrifice. Stafford Cripps wound up the day with his most remarkable performance in this Parliament. Lucid as ever, he was passionate, human and sincere as well. The straight figure, so often erect and remote, leaned over the dispatch box and aroused Government supporters to enthusiasm, and the Opposition to respect. Unlike Attlee, he emphatically called for the economic integration of Europe as the ultimate solution of our difficulties.

Friday was in part a continuation of the same debate and in part an effort to elucidate the mysteries of the Supplies and Services (Transitional Powers) Bill. This, according to Morrison, speaking somewhat apologetically, was a minor Bill, perhaps not even necessary, to remove doubt as to the validity of applying wartime regulations to the present crisis (a view subsequently confirmed by Jowitt in the House of Lords). According to Churchill, echoing his Bank Holiday outing at Blenheim, it was a grave infringement of our liberties and a curtailment of Parliament. According to Crossman, it was a signal for Socialist action, and he mischievously put the Socialist goods in the window that the Lord President had left out—to the evident consternation of the Government Front Bench. This gave the Tories the opportunity to attack it with renewed vigour and Blackburn the chance eloquently, and with conscious self-dramatisation, to label it as totalitarian. Ede sought to have it both ways by saying it was both a small Bill and a big Bill, and the House adjourned to think up arguments over the week-end by which it could keep the discussion going all night on Monday. On this occasion Silverman impishly trapped Churchill into almost admitting that there would be nothing wrong in the Bill if it were passed by a Coalition Government and Hogg fought admirably for his own side, finishing with the definition of a "spiv" as a Minister without Portfolio. The Attorney-General, nettled by Churchill's description of him as a hired lawyer, continued to maintain that it was a Bill of legal, but not substantive, importance, and the House passed the Third Reading at 8.15 a.m. in an atmosphere of sudden cordiality; members being left free to put any interpretation on the Bill they wished.

PHINEAS TERTIUS

MINISTERIAL JUMBLE-SALE

THE Government has lost another opportunity of mobilising public opinion behind a clear, logical and comprehensive programme for dealing with the crisis. The trouble is not, as the Prime Minister seemed to imply, that the public is unduly impatient to have "all the details at once"; it is that the plan, if one can be said to exist, is formless. Apparently, some deflationary steps are to be taken; something like 70,000 houses are to be knocked off the building programme in order to economise in dollar expenditure on imported timber, and there is to be tighter control over all projects for capital development. Whether this retrenchment—at the heavy cost of delaying the modernisation of British industry—is aimed at saving imports of raw materials or at curtailing consumption through the creation of unemployment, we are not told; nor is it explained how such a defeatist policy makes sense when there is to be no more than a derisory cut in the Armed Forces and in the dollar expenditure entailed in their maintenance.

But perhaps deflation does not really figure among the Government's targets. As an offset to tightening the screw against capital investment in the industrial field, there is to be heavy capital expenditure on an agricultural programme designed vaguely to raise farm output by £100 million in 1951. The farmer, it appears, is to be given the incentive of still higher guaranteed prices. Moreover, spending power will in all probability be increased; for the longer hours which workers in the coal mines and "key" manufacturing industries are to be asked to accept will attract overtime payments, and there is no hint yet of any legislation to impose ceilings on prices or to mop up by taxation current high, and rising, industrial profits.

No pretence is made by the Government that the yawning deficit of at least £700 million in our balance of foreign payments is bridged. Mr. Attlee warned the country of coming "hardships for all of us." So far, the only fresh austerities imposed have been a 12 per cent reduction in the number of points available in the next ration period, a mild cut in the basic petrol allowance which still leaves pleasure motorists as well off for mileage as they were a year ago, and a tax on imported films which may affect the cinemagoer six or more months hence. On paper, there is to be a reduction by £144 millions during the next twelve months in imports of foodstuffs from the dollar area; but, even if this economy is carried into effect, the total saving on the import side of our balance of payments looks like being of the order of only £200 millions. Thus, unless the Government proposes to adopt the desperate expedient of allowing stocks both of foodstuffs and raw materials to run down, in the Micawber-like hope of "something turning up," the unbridged gap of £500 millions is still so huge as to engender among the public a feeling that nothing that we can do—collectively or individually—will greatly help to meet the situation. Men about to go bankrupt for a hundred thousand pounds are disinclined to save money on cigarettes.

But, we are told, Britain's productive labour force is to be raised—not, of course, by the release of able-bodied men from the Services, but by recruiting more women for industry and by conscripting the "spivs" and drones. And are not new and higher targets erected for the coal and steel industries and for the export trade? Once again the intention is admirable. Once again we look in vain for the means whereby it is to be carried out. Are ration books to be withheld from the work-shy? Are women to have their demand for equal pay conceded? Nobody knows; least of all is there any assurance that industries which have failed to reach their existing lower targets will attain the higher targets now set or that, even if the export industries are not restricted by inadequate supplies of imported raw materials, outlets in foreign markets can in fact be found for their products. In the second quarter of this year the volume of British exports was 2 per cent higher than the monthly average for 1938—a fall of 9 per cent from the performance of the last quarter of 1946. To suppose that the new target of 160 per cent of the 1938 volume to be reached by the end of next year can, in fact, be attained is blind optimism.

Here we come to the root of the matter. If the Cabinet is in fact relying on a further dollar loan and is putting up merely a façade of petty retrenchments and "work harder" exhortations with the idea of impressing United States Congressmen, then it may as well abandon any hope of inducing the British people to work for their own salvation; pensioners don't sweat their guts out. But if the Cabinet is really resolved to achieve greater economic independence from the United States, then this country, in our judgment, has only two alternatives before it. Either it must fall back on a semi-autarchic peasant economy, capable of sustaining only a much reduced population on a low standard of living, or it must seek to build up foreign trade on lines which meet the needs of countries who are prepared, in return for our goods, to supply us with the food and raw materials which we must import, and to supply them without interference with our own political sovereignty.

The first step is to insist on becoming once again masters of our own currency. It is now indisputable that the Article of the Dollar Loan agreement which imposed on us the obligation to make "current" sterling freely convertible is insupportable, and that the Article forbidding discriminatory trade is leading not to the expansion of world commerce, but (as we urged eighteen months ago) to the imminent starvation of this country. The next step is to recognise that, without a plan of a radical nature, the allocation of fuel and raw material priorities to "export industries" will get us nowhere.

What is happening to-day is that, in trades manufacturing for export, hundreds of firms are clamouring for raw materials to manufacture the goods which they find it easiest or most profitable to make, or which they are simply in the habit of making. During the past two years, with the aid of a "sellers' market," outlets abroad have been fairly easy to find; but that situation is transient: we have yet to experience the full blast of American competition—a competition which would be greatly increased in export markets if there were any serious recession of domestic trade in the U.S.A. Yet we are blithely continuing our old "lines," regardless not only of American competition but of the fact that we are making many things which our potential customers cannot afford to pay for or can, at a pinch, do without. As a result, we are failing

in many cases, to produce the goods which *are* wanted abroad. We cannot, for instance, promise the steel rails for which the U.S.S.R. offers us wheat because so much of our steel is going into the production of relatively expensive motor cars whose future marketability abroad is highly problematic.

The Government has asked for and received the widest possible powers to deal with the emergency by administrative order. That it will need to act swiftly is likely: this will be a swiftly moving crisis. But unco-ordinated Departmental action is no substitute for a plan; and appeals for "equal sacrifice" are meaningless unless there is confidence in the country that, in pursuit of a clearly discerned objective, the Government is prepared to over-ride vested interests and overcome obstruction. In this crisis the Cabinet has so far elicited neither confidence nor enthusiasm—only vague apprehension that to-morrow is likely to be worse than to-day. As if each Department had been invited to contribute to a Ministerial jumble-sale, it has produced, —at least for public view—not a policy, but a rag-bag of hasty and ineffective improvisations.

SHORT VIEW OF POLAND

THEORETICALLY the Polish eagle is an impossible bird, a chimera whose head and body do not fit. Here is a country whose population has been, during a six years war, reduced from 35 to 24 millions. It is 95 per cent Catholic, and it is ruled by a coalition of Communists and Socialists (who are at least as anti-clerical as the Communists), and it is ruled without repression. Foreign (including British) residents tell me that the regime, though not popular, is generally "accepted," and there is evidence in the obviously co-operative activity of the people, who are rebuilding Poland at a greater rate than any other war-devastated country. I am not suggesting that liberty is complete, but that, for easily discovered reasons, the great mass of Poles "accept," most of them readily, a Government which is ideologically unrepresentative and which owes its power at least in part to a steamrollered and carefully "managed" election.

How is this possible? There are, as I see it, three reasons. First, every Pole, Left and Right, demands a Government which can be trusted to oppose with all its might the recreation of Germany as a great Power. They have all experienced the systematic attempt finally to destroy Poland as a nation. When the war ended, the Nazis had just completed the murder of 6 million Jews. They had also murdered or carried off to slave labour millions of Poles, and Poles are convinced that in a few years they would have been reduced to a slave remnant; all those who showed any sort of independence would have followed the Jews into the gas chambers. Therefore they know that security lies in Russia even though they are traditionally hostile to Russia, fear Communism, and criticise the Government as being too pro-Russian. Exceptions to this rule are to be found, for instance, among farmers from East Poland who were deported to Russia in 1939 and who have been repatriated to the Western Territories. We gave a lift to one such farmer who, seeing we were English, no doubt had a propagandist intention when he talked. But he was not at all afraid to talk; he talked freely to an interpreter who was likely to have official contacts. He said that he had once had 30 hectares in East Poland and now only had ten in Silesia and found it difficult to make them pay because of taxation. He then added that the only hope for Poland was that Britain would make war on the Soviet Union to regain Polish lands. As we were driving through villages which had been destroyed house by house by the Germans, such talk sounded hysterical. But he was a characteristic survivor from the old Poland. He held that one must always fight to the death for everything one has ever had. Therefore he would fight the Russians—on principle. But I have no doubt that he was completely at one with all other Poles in his attitude to the Germans.

The second reason for the general acceptance of the Government is that it guarantees that Poland will retain the Western Territories. I really do not believe you could find a Pole in the country who would have doubts on this score.

The third reason for accepting the Government is that it is energetic and efficient and carrying out the only policy which makes sense for Poland. Here I found no dissension among the Socialists, Communists, Democrats, Catholics, peasants, miners, middle-class people and British officials to whom I talked.

I shall be asked whether I am sure that this apparent support of the Government is not faked. I know well that a foreigner may live under a "terror" and never see it. I therefore made a particular point of meeting "Opposition" people, both Poles and foreigners, in circumstances where they were likely to talk freely. Only six months ago bandits were still holding up trains and cars and even now they occasionally raid villages. The country has been the prey of black marketeers. There is corruption among local officials. These conditions have now greatly improved. A "mild revolution," as it has been called, has been achieved. There is a new atmosphere of stability and the necessity for violent police measures has grown correspondingly less. At one time or another a very large number of middle-class people have been arrested, generally for a few days or weeks, and then released. Under arrest they are not badly treated. They often have no idea why they are arrested, but the reason usually becomes obvious. In a country so disturbed as post-war Poland, the police throw a wide net in which to catch a particular fish. They do not mind arresting six hundred people to find three "underground" or black market contacts. Thus I heard of a maid-servant who was picked up as she innocently went into a shop and was kept in the cooler for 24 hours. The reason? The shop had been a black market centre. The police therefore arrested everyone who called there during the next week in the hope of finding illegal traders. The maid-servant found herself in a single room with some 300 others similarly detained for inquiries. I heard of another case, also of a maid-servant, who was released after a short period in gaol and told in future not to abstain from joining in May-day demonstrations! According to my British, as well as Polish informants, such indiscriminate and arbitrary arrests, common last year, are now rare.

The most important factor in improvement was the amnesty which severe critics of the regime tell me was genuine and successful. Most of the underground fighters against the Government surrendered with their arms and a large number of them have been absorbed in jobs. Nothing astonishes or annoys Poles more than the continued absence in Britain of Poles who, they feel, ought to be working on the reconstruction of their country. The Government policy is not one of revenge or punishment. Those who have come back from England have been welcome, and I have the names of Anders men who have now secure and official jobs in Poland. I can find no good reason why any Pole now living in England should not return to his country, if he is willing to work. People are not deported to Russia, nor are they persecuted because they have been slow to support the present Polish Government. On the contrary, their country desperately needs them and will use their ability.

There remains one limitation on liberty. There is a domestic press censorship, though none for foreign correspondents. Polish newspapers may not abuse Soviet Russia, foment anti-Semitism, nor, as I learned from one of the censors, print terrifying stories of new American weapons of war because that would discourage people from reconstructing their cities. Both Socialist and Catholic newspaper editors said that they thought some censorship still necessary, though some Catholic journalists strongly complain of its application. There is a very large variety of daily, weekly, and monthly newspapers; and public questions are freely debated. In Warsaw, for instance, I saw an Opposition Catholic paper whose main article headed "Marxism, Science and Revelation," was a thorough-going onslaught on Marxism and the scientific trend of modern society. The Church, as Catholics assured me, is absolutely free in all religious matters. It is not, however, permitted to take part, as such, in political propaganda.

Some people believe that the Communists are only biding their time and will make Poland totalitarian as soon as possible. I believe this to be a complete, even if natural, mistake. The Communists are well aware that they are a tiny minority in a Catholic country. A large part of their mass following is composed of Catholics. Communist leaders are very well aware that Poland belongs half to the West and that the overwhelming mass of the peasant population would never stomach the violent changes that Soviet Communism was able to impose on the Russian peasantry. If only for this reason Socialists are as essential to the Communists as Communists are to the Socialists. Socialists have explained to me that they differ from their Communist colleagues, not on the general programme, but in possessing a more Western, humanitarian and tolerant approach. The alliance at the top has not been by any means easy. At least two first-class controversies between Communists and Socialists have been fully and publicly debated in the press. The Communists desired to fuse the P.P.R. (Polish Workers' Party, as the Communist Party is called) with the P.P.S. (Socialist Party). After long debate the Communists gave way. Similarly, Socialist and Communist newspapers held a great public debate about the problem of distribution. The Communists, who always like centralisation, proposed an extension of State distributing stores. The Socialists, fearing the growth of a not always efficient bureaucracy, believed that they were supporting the cause of individual liberty by advocating co-operation as against State distribution. Again it was the Communists who made most of the concessions. The truth is that the extremely able group of Communists in the Government is well aware that Polish recovery depends on Socialist support and is willing to make concessions to keep it. This is made all the more easy by the fact that Mr. Cyrankiewicz, the Socialist Premier, is a man of exceptional strength who can hold his own with his Communist colleagues.

What, it may be asked, of the "Opposition?" What has happened to Mikolajczyk, the Peasant leader, whom the British Government so ardently and sometimes so unwisely supported? I much regret not meeting Mikolajczyk, who was on holiday in the country, but who lives in Warsaw and leads his opposition group in the Polish parliament. He is no longer, however, a great figure in Poland. He had his chance, many chances, and threw them away. He is said to have always been one river too late. When the Russians were on the Bug, he could have been Premier with half the Cabinet. He could still have been Premier with three Ministers of his Party when the Russians reached the Vistula. He might still have been Premier when the Red Army was on the Oder, but he only accepted the Vistula terms when the Russians had reached the Elbe, just as before he had been willing to take what he was offered on the Bug when the Russians had arrived at the Vistula. In the final discussions of the formation of the Lublin Government he outraged his colleagues by informing them that he had been sent by Mr. Churchill to accept the office of Prime Minister. He made his last fatal mistake just before the elections when he was guaranteed a large number of seats in the Chamber, but refused in the belief that he would win a majority. Pressure, propaganda, and some nicely-calculated arrests of the more dubious among his Parliamentary candidates prevented his victory. He is now a comparatively unimportant figure. The concluding stroke in his defeat was the political amnesty. He had declared throughout the

election that if the Lublin Bloc won, Poland would be terrorised and all who were in opposition to the Government liquidated. When the Government did precisely the opposite and amnestied even those who were in arms against it, Mikolajczyk's last political weapon fell from his hands.

I was surprised with the obviously sincere desire of the Polish authorities, let alone ordinary citizens and workpeople, to be on the best of terms with the British. I am not referring to the remarkable fact that in Warsaw many of Shakespeare's plays were being played by dramatic companies from all over Poland. They want the best possible trade, as well as close cultural relations with Britain. One great stumbling block to friendship has been the British Embassy, where Mr. Bevin made one of his very worst errors. It was inexcusable to send, as Ambassador, a man like Cavendish-Bentinck, known by the Poles to have particular experience of British intelligence work and to be the friend of the bitterest enemies of the regime. It is widely believed in Poland that most of the Anders intrigues and the threads of the underground movement passed through the British Embassy. The Polish authorities agree that this is a past phase; they speak highly of the new Ambassador, whose behaviour is scrupulously correct, and even friendly. They see that Mr. Bevin and some members of the British Embassy, who have given up hope of Mikolajczyk, now support the Socialists, perhaps in the forlorn hope of detaching them from the Communists. This would be dangerous policy, if it had the slightest chance of success, which it has not. What is important is that relations between some members of the Government and some members of the Embassy are becoming friendly and that both Britain and Poland have everything to gain by agreement. Poland is not behind any iron curtain and does not desire to be so and we need all the trade in Eastern Europe that we can get.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

A LONDON DIARY

THE opening of Mr. Attlee's broadcast on Sunday night could not have been better conceived. He wasted no time replying to critics who complained of his lack of popular appeal, but immediately appealed, very successfully, I think, to almost everyone by saying in effect: "Does it matter one way or another whether I am brilliant or not? Here are the facts and our proposals. They are what matter. Think about them." So we all listened to the facts and waited for the proposals. We were braced up by appeals for self-sacrifice, but we did not know in the end what sacrifices we had to accept, apart from a small cut in our points, a return to last year's basic petrol ration, and the absence of some Hollywood films we were not at all sure we wanted to see. A tremendous build-up, a national readiness to bear with fortitude whatever had to be borne and then . . . anti-climax. As a comfortable citizen remarked to me with a sigh of relief: "Well, it's not so bad after all. I thought I would have to lay up the car."

* * *

Probably before very many months are out he will have to lay up his car. Those who follow events with any attention have long thought so. Looking back in this journal, for instance, I see that we prophesied just such a crisis as this when Britain took the American Loan in 1945. I have just been reading through all the articles written for this journal when we were appearing in bits and pieces in different newspapers during the fuel crisis last February. We said that the fuel crisis marked, we hoped, the end of a "phoney peace"—the phrase has since been widely used—because it must have brought home to everyone, including the Government, that we live on an island which can be beleaguered equally successfully by weather, submarines or a shortage of dollars. We said: "we shall have a series of breakdowns until we have worked out the administrative machinery necessary for winning the economic battle." We asked for an intelligible programme so that every citizen might know how we were going to survive when the dollars ran out. True, we thought the dollars would last a year longer than they have done, but that made no difference to the argument that we had to plan so that we could resist "if necessary, alone." I am not claiming any special foresight for this journal. Other people said the same thing. In view of all this quite plain writing on the wall, the difficulty is to understand why this crisis, which arises mainly from factors outside the Government's control, has once again, apparently, caught it unprepared.

* * *

There is no lack of ability amongst Ministers, nor, individually, do they lack the quality of decision. Their trouble is inability to decide jointly. There must have been one Cabinet meeting with the figure of £700 million deficit ominously written on a piece of paper in front of each Minister. Under this figure there must have been a list of all the things on which we spend dollars. Mr. Bevin and Mr. Alexander would allow no cuts in the Armed Forces. Mr. Strachey must have fought for the nation's food, probably with the support of Sir Stafford Cripps, who would know that production would go down if basic rations were reduced. And so on all down the list until there was nothing left except the proposed cut of £1 million in the paper ration. As there was no Press Baron in the Cabinet that went through by itself, with the natural result of infuriating even newspapers that were friendly to the Government. When the dollar crisis increased and pressure grew within the Party, Mr. Attlee decided everything must be cut, and explained this to his cheering followers. Then Mr. Bevin stepped in and cancelled the cut in the Armed Forces which was far the most substantial reduction. So here we are, with a Cabinet composed of members pulling different ways and fighting hard for their own departments. Indeed they have fought so hard before they could agree on cuts that, as far as the country knows, they have not yet agreed on the positive half of their policy.

* * *

I was glad that Wilson Harris raised the question of the possible conflict of loyalties arising in disclosing information before the Committee of Privilege. The point is very simple, but it needs clearly stating. "Privilege" is not, as some may imagine, a special advantage possessed by Parliament or M.P.s: it is the means of enabling Parliament to do its job. The High Court of Parliament, like other courts, must have the power to take sworn evidence and to punish people who withhold it. In the ordinary way it is clearly the duty of any person to give such evidence even if it is to his disadvantage or to the embarrassment of others. There may, however, be special cases in which an editor, for instance, has a conscientious duty to refuse such information, knowing that he runs the risk of imprisonment if he obeys his conscience. Let me illustrate. I have written things in this column as a result of information given to me by refugees from Nazi Germany whose relatives would have been killed in concentration camps if I had broken my word not to divulge the source of information. Obviously I should have refused, and rightly refused, to divulge my informant's name, whatever the penalties of refusal. But I should not claim that I was right in refusing except in some special case of conscience nor, even in the most difficult case, should I doubt Parliament's right to punish me for my refusal.

* * *

Odd to find Britain, France and Belgium voting against the Indonesians being allowed to state their own case before the Security Council, while America and Russia are both among the majority which wants to be sensible. The explanation seems to be that the old Imperialisms object, on legalistic grounds, to a precedent which might be used by other peoples who wish to shed their colonial status.

* * *

A novelist friend writes: "Last week-end, pen in hand, I listened distractedly to the endless roar of motor cycles and cars changing gear on the hill outside my house in the August holiday traffic rush. Not for the first time, I reflected sadly on the high cost of solitude in England and envied Czech writers the opportunities which their State is giving them for working, or resting, in privacy. A fortnight ago, I had driven from Prague to visit the 'Writers' Castle' at Dobris. This great castle was confiscated from its collaborator owners after Liberation and turned over by the Government—complete to the last towel in the linen cupboard and the last calf-bound volume in the library—to the Czech Association of Writers. Any member of the Association can stay at the Castle, alone or with his family, to work or to take a holiday. The daily cost, including all meals, is about 10s. How far the atmosphere of this Versailles-like mansion, with its magnificent grounds and placid lake, is conducive to creative work, I don't know. On the day I visited the place, the sound of typewriters could be heard through closed bedroom-doors; but the only creative act I actually saw was being performed by an elderly lady who was sitting on a garden seat knitting a jumper. At any rate, Czech writers have this solid and inexpensive Ivory Tower; and now Czech journalists, nettled at this pampering of mere authors (lazy people at best), have secured the gift from the Government of an even greater castle. Plans, too, are afoot to recondition one of the redundant, unoccupied villages in what was the Sudetenland, and to enable authors to rent there, for a nominal charge, small furnished cottages where they may write undisturbed. England is over-full of large houses unsuited to the family needs of a democratic community. Why shouldn't we take a leaf from the Czechoslovak book?"

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to Bruno Tausig.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

Darting amongst the many silvery beech trees in the grounds I felt as part of them, only I was a copper beech. It was in the shade of those trees that I met romance . . . there I encountered the animal who was to become my husband, also lately returned from the Forces.—*Health and Efficiency.*

Eva Peron Welcome to Formby Fund.
The title of the above fund has been changed to the "Rita Hayworth Welcome to Formby Fund."—*Formby Times.*

The Mayor of Southend (Ald. S. F. Johnson, J.P.), used the exhibition of dolls of all nations staged at Keddies' Store as evidence to disprove the theory of evolution in which he does not believe, when he opened the show on Saturday.

"Human beings," he said, "find that it is pleasant to play with something of their own likeness. Animals do not do this, and in my opinion this confounds the theory of evolution."—*Southend Times.*

Sir Waldron Smithers: On a point of Order. Before we get on with the further Business for to-day, Mr. Speaker, may I call your attention to the fact that the B.B.C. this morning omitted to commence their broadcast programmes by playing the National Anthem on the occasion of the birthday of Her Majesty the Queen? Will you, Sir, as the First Commoner, summon the directors of the B.B.C. to the Bar of this House as traitors to their King and Country?—*Hansard*, August 4th, 1947.

LETTER TO A PARENT OF A BRITISH SOLDIER IN PALESTINE

DEAR SIR,

Every morning when you open your paper you feel sick with fear that your boy might have been kidnapped or blown to pieces by Jewish terrorists. I am a person who sympathises with the terrorists, and though I disapprove of their recent methods, I might have become one of them—by force of circumstances. I am writing to you to explain these circumstances.

I am not speaking lightly of terror; during several years I have lived in the same anxiety, for persons near to me, which you feel for your son. The persons were my mother and her family; the danger which threatened them, as Jews in German-controlled territory, was death by poison gas or quicklime. My mother was the only one who escaped. Her sister, her sister's daughter and two grandchildren were gassed. My mother's brother managed to commit suicide. Every single Jewish terrorist in Palestine has a similar story. This is the first fact you have to let sink in; without this background you will understand nothing.

Obviously you will answer that these regrettable deeds were committed by the Nazis and not by the British; that one of the reasons your boy fought this war was precisely to save those unfortunates; and that there is no excuse for the criminal madness of the thugs who, instead of showing gratitude, throw bombs at their benefactors. As against this, allow me to mention some facts, based on official British sources, which, I submit, prove that the Jews of Palestine have no reasons for gratitude to your country, and many reasons for bitterness against it. There is a legend that in 1917 Mr. Lloyd George's Government, in the kindness of their hearts, promised Palestine to the Jews; since then the Jews have insisted on this somewhat rash promise like Shylock on his pound of flesh; while the unfortunate British, caught between the conflicting claims and bullets of Arab and Jew, carried heroically the White Man's Burden.

This is the legend; the facts about the motives which prompted the Lloyd George Cabinet to launch the Balfour Declaration were explained by Mr. Lloyd George himself in his statement before the Royal Commission in 1937. In the autumn of 1917, at the time of the Russian collapse, the Allies were in a critical position. "In this critical situation it was believed that Jewish sympathy or the reverse would make a substantial difference one way or the other to the Allied cause." Thus originated the promise of a 'National Home"; the meaning of this term was interpreted by Lloyd George, President Wilson, Cecil, Smuts, Winston Churchill, etc., as equivalent to a future Jewish State (Royal Commission Report, pp. 23–25). The Zionist leaders, according to Lloyd George's statement, promised in exchange "to rally Jewish sentiment and support throughout the world to the Allied cause. They kept their word." (*ibid.*, p. 23). It was an honest deal, supported on both sides by long-standing sympathies, not an act of charity, and the question of gratitude does not arise.

The second part of the story is the period between the two wars. I have no space to go into details, only to point out some salient facts. It is not true that the Jews came to Palestine under the protection of British bayonets, or at the expense of the British taxpayer, or with British help under any form, as many of your countrymen seem to believe. The transformation of Palestine within twenty years from a malaria-infested stretch of swamp and desert into the most fertile country of the Middle East is due to Jewish labour and capital. The part played by the British Administration was to run the public services, on taxes mainly levied from the Jews.

"But," you will object, "after all we *did* let the Jews come to Palestine in spite of Arab opposition, didn't we? We could just as well have locked them out, and saved ourselves all this trouble . . ." You are again misinformed. Palestine never was a Colony or Protectorate of yours: your job and *raison d'être* in that country was to administer a Mandate on behalf of the League of Nations and that Mandate put you under the obligation "to facilitate Jewish immigration," to help the "close settlement by Jews of the land" and finally the establishment of the "National Home." The deal, concluded in 1917 and known as the Balfour Declaration, had been ratified by fifty-two nations and had become the legal basis, and the only basis, of your presence in Palestine.

The third part of the story starts in 1939, with that White Paper which Mr. Morrison, in the name of the Labour Party, called a "cynical breach of faith, a breach of British honour," and Mr. Churchill "a base betrayal, the filing of a petition in moral bankruptcy." You have probably heard about this famous document which, leaving details aside, amounted to the barring of Palestine to the Jews (after a last batch of 75,000) for ever, and led to the prohibition of the buying and cultivating of land by Jews in 95 per cent of the country's total area (Land Transfer Act of February 1940). Thus at the very moment when the extermination of the European Jews began, the doors of Palestine were slammed in their faces; while those already inside Palestine were condemned to live in one more cramped, Oriental ghetto. This policy was not only inhuman, it was apparently also illegal in the terms of International Law, and this point is essential for the understanding of all further developments in Palestine. For legally, as already mentioned, Britain's presence in Palestine was based on the Mandate. The League's Permanent Mandate Commission met on June 16th, 1939, and found unanimously that the new policy contradicted the terms of Britain's trusteeship. Now according to Article 27 of the Mandate "the consent of the Council of the League of Nations is required for any modification of the terms of this mandate." The Council of the League was to meet in September, 1939, but meanwhile the war broke out and it never met. As the Mandatory Commission (and leading politicians of all parties in this country itself) had found that the White Paper was not only a "modification" of the Mandate but directly contradicted it, it could only gain legal validity by the League's consent; and this consent was never given. This is the reason why terrorists refuse to recognize the jurisdiction of British Military Courts and prefer to be hanged without defending themselves; and why they claim that Britain's status in Palestine is that of an occupying Power, based on force, not on law. For similar reasons the Jewish Agency denies the validity of any discrimination between "legal" and "illegal" immigrants.

I am not expert in International Law, but it seems to me incontestable, as a matter of common sense, that the pretence of administering a Home which people are not permitted to enter, even when in danger of their lives, is a moral and legal perfidy. The story of Palestine from 1939 to this day is essentially the story of people struggling to save their skins, and of British efforts to prevent this by force and diplomatic pressure. Here are a few examples.

In March and April, 1939, three refugee ships—S.S. *Assandu*, *Astir* and *Assimi*, packed with Jews who had escaped, mainly from Germany, reached Palestine, and were refused permission to land. In the House of Commons Mr. Noel-Baker asked the then Colonial Secretary, Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, what would happen to these people. Mr. MacDonald said that they had been sent back from where they came. Mr. Noel-Baker: "Does that mean to concentration camps?" Mr. MacDonald: "The responsibility rests on those responsible for organising illegal immigration." (Debate in the House of Commons, April 26th–27th, 1939.)

Do you recognise the tune? It is unchanged to this day. The responsibility rests with the "racketeers" who tried to save these condemned people, not with those who sent them back to their death. There was also much talk in 1937 about the insanitary conditions on these hell-ships. The gas chambers, the quicklime—and the dry rot of the D.P. camps to-day, were and are doubtless sanitary.

Try to put yourself into the place of a Jew of your own age on the jetty of Haifa, shouting and waving to a relative—your son for instance—on the deck of one of those ships; he is not permitted to land; the ship lifts anchor to take its doomed hysterical load back to where it came from. The figure of your boy grows smaller; a few years later you hear that he has been gassed in Oswiecim. If, instead of Smith, your name were Schmulewitz, it might have happened to you. Something on the same lines happened, among others, to a man whom I met in Palestine two years ago; he told me that his mother and three brothers had been killed "by German sadism and the British White Paper." His name is Friedman Yellin, and he is head of the so-called Stern Gang.

More examples? On November 24th, 1940, the passengers of the steamer *Patria*, who had been refused admission to Palestine, blew their ship up in Haifa harbour. Over two hundred people were blown to bits or drowned a hundred yards from the promised shore. They were not even to have been deported back to Europe, which, owing to the war, was impossible; only to a tropical island in the Indian Ocean. But these people had become allergic to barbed wire. When a person reaches that state, like the survivors in the D.P. camps to-day, he is past listening to the reasonable voice which tells him that he should never have escaped, or saved his wife and children, without a permit in triplicate to do so.

One last example. The year is 1942; the crematoria in Europe had started to work, when another hell-ship, the 180-ton cattle-boat *Struma*, sailing from Constanza, floundered into the harbour of Istanbul. There were 769 escapees on board, several of whom had lost their reason. The Turks were prepared to let them land in transit, on condition that the British would permit their entry into Palestine. This the Palestine Government, after consultation with London, refused; so the Turks sent the boat back to Rumania. The rest of the story you can guess: the ship blew up within a few miles of the Turkish coast; one man survived; all the other passengers, including 250 women and 70 children, were drowned.

The Black Sea was the Jews' main life-line of escape from the European crematorium. The *Struma* cut that life-line. Those who, against law and morality, refused to grant its passengers entry into Palestine, did not want them to be drowned. They were presumably even sorry and surprised. All they wanted was that they should be sent back to their "port of embarkation," where they could wash their hands of them, and thus discourage others from trying to save their skins. In the parliamentary debate of April, 1939, from which I have quoted, the Colonial Secretary had said that the Government had the fullest sympathy with Jewish refugees, but if they allowed one shipload, more would follow. This has been the guiding principle of British policy in Palestine from 1939 to this day. It was a policy of deliberately obstructing by active and passive measures, by force and by diplomatic pressure, the escape of Jews from extermination by a mass exodus into Palestine. I have quoted to you a few examples of this policy; they could be multiplied. Further evidence of the deliberate character of this policy is available, but cannot be published at this moment. But perhaps some future commission of inquiry into the administration of the Palestine Mandate will find it useful to ask, i.a., H.M. former Ambassador in Ankara to disclose the instructions he received during the critical period before and after the *Struma* episode.

The White Paper of 1939 has been described as the Palestine Munich. After the Labour victory of 1945 everybody expected that this last relic of Chamberlain's policy would be wiped out. No party was so deeply committed to support Jewish immigration into Palestine as the Labour Party. On no fewer than eleven occasions,

from 1917 to 1945, the annual Party Conference had reaffirmed this obligation. In 1939 Philip Noel-Baker had prophesied that, if the White Paper was adopted, the only way to stop refugees would be "to tell those kindly British soldiers to shoot them down." In 1944, the Party Conference had affirmed that "there is surely neither hope nor meaning in a 'Jewish National Home' unless we are prepared to let the Jews enter if they wish." In 1945, just before the Labour Government took office, this policy was once more confirmed, and Hugh Dalton declared that "it is morally wrong and politically indefensible to impose obstacles to the entry into Palestine now of any Jews who desire to go there." You know the rest of the story. It is the story of yet another broken pledge; of the triumph of a Foreign Office clique and Ernest Bevin's pigheadedness over Labour's honour.

But this time the Jews' patience is exhausted. On practically every hell-ship which approaches Palestine one or two survivors are shot down because they resist the boarding parties which carry them off to yet another cage, in the name of a policy which is "morally wrong and politically indefensible." As a result, the Jews have shown that they can fight as ruthlessly and savagely as any other people driven to despair. Political terrorism has not been invented by them, as the penny press tries to make people in this country believe; it is as old as injustice and oppression, which is its cause. From the days of Spartacus to the French and Yugoslav maquis, the men who fought oppression by violence were called bandits and thugs by those who turned Law and Order into a mockery; and patriots and heroes if they succeeded. But this romantic halo is only given them by posterity, or distant sympathisers. Looked at from close to, the deeds of the Paris Commune, or the Russian Social-Revolutionaries, or Tito's Partisans, all show the same ugly and revolting details: retaliations, expropriations, armed robberies, bombs, execution of hostages. And it is always the innocents who foot the bill, like Sergeants Martin and Paice, like your boy, who have to carry out a loathsome and immoral policy; for they are under orders, and they know not what they do.

The reason, according to Mr. Bevin, for using men o' war and paratroopers to fight the inglorious battle of the Palestine beaches, is Britain's duty to protect Arab interests—another version of the White Man's Burden. In fact, the situation between Jew and Arab in Palestine is much the same as between Moslem and Hindu in India. The proportion of Moslem to Hindu is roughly 1 to 3; of Jew to Arab roughly 1 to 2. In some fields, where their interests are parallel, they collaborate; in all major points their culture and political aspirations clash. As there is no hope of reconciling these for a considerable time, the inevitable solution is to partition the country. This is hard luck on the Arabs; but they have thrived on this hard luck and grown in health and prosperity as never before in their history. It is also hard luck on the Jews; for the Mandate gave them Palestine including Transjordan, and now they will have to be content themselves with a fraction of one-half of it. It may be argued that it was wrong to promise in 1917 a predominantly Arab country to the Jews, but this argument leads nowhere; for to-day the Jewish third in Palestine is a fact which cannot be undone, nor can their fields and orange groves be reconverted into desert and marsh. Since the Royal Commission recommended partition in 1937, every level-headed observer has agreed on this—except the Labour Party, which urged a Jewish State in the *whole* of Palestine.

But, you will object, all this may be true and very regrettable; however, now that we have passed the whole problem on to Uno it is for them, and no longer for us, to decide.

Again you have been misled. The Uno Commission is not the first which has been asked to *suggest* a policy for Palestine—it is, if I remember rightly, the seventeenth or eighteenth. The Royal Commission in 1937 suggested partition; the Chamberlain Government issued the White Paper instead. Last year we had the Anglo-American Commission; your Foreign Secretary pledged himself to carry out their suggestion if they were unanimous; they were unanimous; they were not carried out. The methods which Mr. Bevin used to sabotage any constructive solution, to get out of his Party's, his Government's, and his personal commitments, sounded more than anything like the subterfuges of a Jewish pettifogger. The terms under which he passed the matter on to Uno contain the same loopholes as the previous invitations to other bodies to make "suggestions." He referred to Uno as an International Tribunal—but reserved the right to accept or reject the Tribunal's verdict. In the light of their past experiences, it is not surprising that the Palestine Jews suspect this latest move of being another subterfuge to gain time and to continue a policy based on principles which Mr. Bevin's colleagues in the Cabinet have branded as morally and politically indefensible. The one proof of the honesty of his intentions would be for him to state unequivocally that Britain will either accept Uno's verdict or surrender the Mandate and clear out.

Meanwhile two things can be done to stop the vicious circle of terror and retaliation. The first is to go to Uno with constructive proposals for a just partition of the country, to be enforced if need be with international help—instead of presenting a record of impotency and bankruptcy. The second is to raise the monthly immigration quota from 1,500 to 5,000 during the period of transition without political conditions, as a minimum gesture of good will. I can assure you, on the strength of many years of experience in Palestine, that this alone would be enough to lead to an immediate suspension of terrorism and at least to a kind of armistice while Uno's decision is pending.

Is it as simple as that? It is as simple as that. And if public opinion still has a say in your country, now is the time to stop disaster. For the Jews of Palestine fight for one thing only, for the oldest slogan in their history: Let My People Go. There were six million of them in Europe; only one out of ten is left. Your countrymen are very fond of the word decency; if you have any left, let them go.

If you refuse, you will have to take the consequences, which may be more serious than you think. For you should understand that there is more at stake here than meets the eye. A great Empire which rules the seven seas can afford to flaunt the world's opinion. But you are no longer that; you cannot afford to put might before right; and you have already antagonised on this issue public opinion in just the two countries which you need most: the U.S.A. and France. The future of a country which is on the downward grade in terms of power depends more than on anything else on its moral integrity. Palestine is a test for your integrity; and in more than one sense your fate is linked with hers.

Yours truly,

ARTHUR KOESTLER

SPIVS

WHO are the post-war recruits to London's underworld—the "spivs," the hangers-on—who boast of their exploits and prison experiences? They are not hardened criminals—many of them are wartime deserters or but recently demobbed. Only rarely are they accepted into the freemasonry of crime. To the gangs they are no more than casual labourers, who must wait night after night in cafés in the hope of receiving a message. A good message may mean an opportunity to get into the big money; it may mean a scheme for "tapping whisky," a smash and grab raid, or semi-illegal work at Covent Garden.

A young wife waits in a small Scottish town for news of Alec. He could not find an opening at home, so with high hopes, and all that remained of his gratuity after a prolonged "demob" celebration, he left for London. I first saw Alec in the early hours of the morning—the brown jacket of his wedding suit drawn tightly round him, wearing a pair of shabby army trousers, and tattered shoes, his face creased and dirty as his collarless cotton shirt. He glanced blearily at me over his cup of tea. I smiled and a friendly flicker lighted his face. Then his gaze fell. Two plain-clothes men had entered the café and ordered tea. They glanced round searchingly, but seemed disappointed. The young prostitute in the corner endeavoured to become as transparent as her raincoat; another met the Law's gaze brazenly, and resumed the conversation with her young ex-Service landlord. Several fellows of Alec's age — twenty-four, say — slipped unobtrusively through the door; while shadowy intending customers hurried by outside after a precautionary peep through the window. The barman eased the tension by collecting the half-empty cups of the departed, but Alec remained taut with his back turned to the newcomers. An empty till had been found on the pavement of a side street not fifty yards away. In due course the policemen moved on, leaving the café to fill once more with these young men and their hopes.

Such a character is The Artist. A flying officer in his early teens, he and another youth were thoughtlessly given charge of squadron funds, at a time when air losses were heavy. Reasoning, that their lives would probably be short and therefore might as well be merry, they made free with the funds in their keeping; but their luck as flyers held longer than their luck as embezzlers, and they were detected and cashiered. This young man has great promise as a portrait painter: naturally he starved. Being conditioned to a life of excitement and style, he regards the well-conducted gang of thieves, mostly well-spoken ex-Servicemen, that rescued him from poverty as his saviours. Their leader takes no personal risks; makes sweeping plans and leaves the details to the initiative of his men. He provides means, disposes of loot, and awards cash bonuses — often hundreds of pounds — for meritorious service.

Their methods are threefold: planned burglaries at night time; smash and grab raids; and "pirate cruises." The last method is interesting. First a number of "joints," or "lays," are "cased." Suitable fields may be an hotel with wealthy guests, a block of middle-class flats, or even a high-class department store. (Arrest cannot be made until the thief has left the premises and he can then easily be rescued from his "tail" by a waiting car-load of his friends.) A car containing four passengers and a driver starts out on its cruise, or circuit. At each of four points a passenger alights. He hangs about until the car is due on its second lap, does the job with a few seconds to spare, gets into the car when it slows down, and is driven away. The waiting time is spent as leisurely as possible in the lounge of the hotel he is "doing." He is provided with skeleton keys, and is careful to be well dressed, and to carry nothing that he might be tempted to use as a weapon if cornered.

But if Alec and his friends desire a less ambitious object of emulation, there is one closer to hand. He is known as Bulldog. He is tall, bony and ugly; the aspirant to many filmic clichés; his favourite being the suave gang leader, and the popular Robin Hood of crime. Eternally watchful, he never misses an opportunity of dramatising himself by pitifully blatant lies and inventions, or of making more negotiable capital by a furtively extended hand in the direction of the trinkets that a fatherly Providence places within his reach. He sees himself as Lieutenant of the local "boys," to whom he is merely a stooge, useful on occasions to make up the required number for a particular job. He is at the mercy of his romantic imagination.

Bulldog is typical of his profession in that he is not a regular worker. There are a few exceptions to this rule. Crash is one of them. He is young and thin and anxious, and was discharged

from the Forces as neurotic. He wants only that he and his family should be in the local swim—sartorially, conversationally and domestically. He therefore needs rolls of cloth, carpets, furnishings, and must make nightly visits to the cinema and pubs to keep up to date with fashionable wisecracks. He works hard for ten hours a day, preferably at window-cleaning, with easy chances of pilfering, but will consider any factory work with sufficiently tempting wares. His bulkier needs are supplied by the local "boys" at about a quarter of the market price. If he could earn enough for his standards, he would find little difficulty in being honest. The readjustment of Crash and his kind would have far-reaching effects; for not only do they lead opinion in their neighbourhood, but they also provide the biggest of all markets for stolen goods.

I have mentioned the "boys"—sometimes known as the "right boys." They belong to well-organised families. Exact description—here as elsewhere—would make them easily identifiable; so an average picture must suffice. They are cliquey, cohesion often being fostered by foreign ancestry. They are working people, both men and women. They have jobs, but their restricted lives in narrow streets make them fond of a change of employment. In time the family accumulates detailed knowledge of the layout, defences and saleable stock in many factories and warehouses. Much of the information is supplied by wives, sisters and girl friends. From time to time the family acts. Cousins and hangers-on are called in. After a family consultation a message goes out to the cafés—to Alec and his colleagues—a van is hired and the robbery is carried out. Families like this form the nucleus, the underworld cell upon whose lively activity the protoplasmic mass depends for its existence.

The beginning of this way of life lies buried in the days of cheap liquor, without which slum life is intolerable. Subsequent unemployment and high taxation put drinks out of the reach of these families, and their misery was acute. One profession flourished—bookmaking. The dog tracks became Meccas. If life on the dole or relief is grim, take a chance, lad. Speculate to accumulate. You can't be worse off if you lose—put your money on the "doggies!" So went their thoughts, leading them to the practice of stealing the wherewithal to back outsiders—it being less heart-breaking to lose money stolen than money earned. Much of the present crime wave has grown from this early ripple.

What will happen to the newcomers to crime? The Artist was recently released from eighteen months of imprisonment. He cannot get started again. In his heyday there were a few hundred plainclothes men in London. Now there are thousands. Our friend once risked eighteen months' imprisonment. Now he is faced with seven years. He is at a dead end. There is no chance of further progress on the "other side of the fence," yet he still cannot bear that his talent should go unrecognised. He is interested in interior decorating, so there is a chance that he may turn to embellishing rooms instead of denuding them. There may be a chance, if society makes one, even for Alec and his comrades, even for the young landlord of the prostitute. Despite their boasts, few of these young men are sufficiently accustomed to a life of crime to really prefer it as a way of life. They are not, I have said, accepted by confirmed criminals, but in their present position they must steal to live. If we deny them the chance to work within society and for society before it is too late, they will assuredly continue to work outside it, and inevitably against it; and perhaps they may eventually gain the approval of the "lag."

Society cannot afford to take this risk. These men can and must be rehabilitated. They possess more than average potentialities. The Services have taught them much that is useful to criminals and to law-abiding citizens alike. Had it taught them how to earn money, and how to budget that money among their everyday needs, to respect authority rather than to hate and fear it, much of this modern tragedy might have been avoided. Normal rehabilitation methods are not designed to cater for the peculiar problem that these men have to face. They stand on the far bank of the Rubicon, which society crosses only for the waging of war. War against crime may or may not be successful, but punishment can do nothing to help Alec, the Artist, and many others. Although they are capable of great hatred, they are still more capable of great loyalties and will welcome the right sort of leadership devoid of any censorious or sympathetic attitude. I look forward to the establishment of Rubicon residential and training centres where small groups of men may develop social and useful accomplishments, where they may plan and pursue joint and individual enterprises, through which they may regain self-respect, confidence and a more healthy outlook on life. Operation "Rubicon" could provide the solution to a desperate situation.

J. R. WADDINGTON

THE EARLY G.B.S.

It is an interesting experience to have known a man of genius young, before he was recognised and famous, and to have seen him grow or, I might say, have felt him growing. I knew Kipling when we were both about fourteen, and, with half my mind—but that is another story. I was introduced to Shaw by William Archer when I was in my early twenties and he in his early thirties. Archer had noticed in the Reading Room of the British Museum a red-bearded young man reading at the same time books on the theory of music and German philosophy and writing a weekly article for the *Star*. On acquaintance the young man proved also to be writing plays which nobody would produce and attending Socialist and Secularist meetings at which he dazzled William Morris and Hyndman, and was the only man who dared, or could, stand up to Bradlaugh in argument. The one weekly article made a poor livelihood, but it was seldom exceeded. Shaw did not want much. Neither the World nor the Flesh made much appeal to him, and such attractions as the Devil may have presented were only of a literary and inexpensive sort. He was a total abstainer and vegetarian, and had so many vividly interesting and exciting things to do and study that he could not be bothered to increase his income. He was busy shocking the world by fighting popular crazes and conventional orthodoxies, religious, scientific, political, or whatever they might be.

Archer had asked him to make some suggestions for improving a somewhat clumsy play of mine, *Carlyon Sahib*, and his advice was characteristic: "No, don't alter it. Write more plays, lots more, that is what teaches you."

His own plays at this time were considered unplayable. Managers shook their heads at them. Friendly critics assured Shaw that he really had some dramatic talent, and, if only he would be less eccentric, less bent on teaching the public lessons which it did not want to learn, he might in time be quite a real playwright. He paid no attention. He just wrote as he chose to write. It was a clear instance of the toughness of genius: genius making no compromise, but insisting on its own way in the teeth of ill success and general disapproval. He published his plays: *Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant* and *Plays for Puritans* had some success as books, though they were still considered unplayable. I believe it was twenty years before *Arms and the Man* was produced by Miss Horniman and took the world by storm.

I may mention the history of *Major Barbara*, in which I served as a model much as Sir Almroth Wright did in *The Doctor's Dilemma*. I had been reading the *procès* of Joan of Arc in Michelet when I happened to meet G.B.S. in the Court Theatre, where one of my Greek plays was being produced by Granville Barker. I suggested to him that a closely historical account of that trial or the trial of Mary Queen of Scots would make an effective play of quite a new kind; but Shaw hardly listened; he said "I can't. I'm doing a play called *Murray's Mother in Law*." About a year later he turned up at my house at Oxford. "Were you a foundling?" he asked. "No!" "Do you mind my saying you were a foundling?" "Not in the least." Then he explained that he had brought the play, *Murray's Mother in Law*, which was now called *Major Barbara*, to read to us, to see if there was anything in it to hurt the feelings of my wife's family: "I don't mind about *you*." He read it in his own inimitable way, bubbling with laughter, like a boy, and also showing delicately the most varied shades of feeling. I think I enjoyed his reading of his plays more than any performance of them. At the end of Act 2 my wife and I were thrilled with enthusiasm, especially at the Salvation Army scenes. Act 3, in which the idealists surrender to the armament industries, was a terrible disappointment to us and, I think, unsatisfying to Shaw himself. He tried to justify his general line of solution, but muttered: "I don't know how to end the thing." He did to some extent alter it.

How far Barbara is like my wife, Cusins like me, or Lady Britomart like Lady Carlisle, it is not for me to say, but Cusins's combination of financial sharpness with arithmetical incompetence is derived, I hope, not from a general observation of my habits, but from a particular incident. I had been advised that I ought to get an improvement in my contract with a publisher, and in the course of the discussion with him had incidentally to choose between 10 per cent and a penny in the shilling. My wits suddenly left me, and I could not think which was the larger percentage, but providentially I guessed right and chose 10 per cent. I went to lunch with Shaw directly after, and my account of the whole affair amused him.

I heard him read some other plays afterwards, notably *Pygmalion* and *Too True to be Good*, always with delight and wonder; and he once or twice heard me read my versions of Greek plays, of which he was always a friendly and most understanding critic. A breaker of forms and conventions himself, I think he particularly enjoyed what he found in Greek tragedy, the highly conventional forms combined with vivid emotion and free philosophic thought.

Shaw sometimes reminded me of Epicurus's ideal wise man who could be happy on the rack because, though his body would suffer, he himself would live the life of thought or contemplation, not much disturbed by the pain. He had a bad accident once at Hindhead, which left him a mass of bruises and with one wrist broken. He must have been in pretty constant pain. I went to see him and was told he had been put in a hammock in the garden. I looked for him, and presently heard a chuckle behind a holly bush. There he was, swathed in bandages, but writing hard and laughing with pleasure as he wrote. Fortunately it was the left wrist that was broken! The vitality and abundance of his intellectual energy kept him always living at high speed, quite free apparently from the touchiness, the jealousies, and the literary feuds which so often are a torment to writers. He fought abundant battles, nearly always for impersonal public causes; fought gaily and hard, and not always with scrupulous fairness—"Who am I that I should be just"—when he found a chance to make his opponent look a fool. But with all his wit and satire I never heard him say a spiteful thing or bear personal malice after a battle. People have said that he never made a man his friend until he could laugh at him; true, perhaps, but there was no malice in the laughter.

The Shaw household was a delightful one to visit. It is recorded that a certain French revolutionary journalist, sent to interview Shaw, concealed her growing displeasure until at last it broke out in the words: "I thought I was to meet England's most advanced thinker, and what do I find? A bourgeois *intérieur*, and Madame who has all the appearance of being your wife!" The accusation could not be denied. Amid all the bubbling laughter and mockery there was an atmosphere in the house of peace and permanent affection. Mrs. Shaw was a very sympathetic

critic of his work, but had no fear in gently expressing her mind. Her long illness cast a great cloud over Shaw's later years, those years in which he emerged to the public eye from being the eccentric and unpopular opponent of the First World War to become a recognised and cherished British institution, a world-famous Classic, whose occasional irresponsibilities were accepted as a characteristic of his genius, like those of Aristophanes or Voltaire.

GILBERT MURRAY

The Arts and Entertainment

THE THEATRE

AT Cambridge last week two amateur performances provided a significant contrast to what we have to put up with in the West End theatre. The Old Vic, I am aware, has become one of those time-honoured British Institutions that it is bad form to criticise. It is hardly less sacrosanct than the R.S.P.C.A. or Dr. Barnardo's Homes. If I am caddish enough to infringe this taboo, my opinions can easily be dismissed on the ground that I am neither a dramatic critic nor an average theatregoer. The box-office at the New Theatre might be selling nylon stockings, so persistent has been the queue: the audiences are enthusiastic as well as packed. How then can there be anything wrong? Coming from a commercial management, this argument would be unanswerable. But the Old Vic was not founded in order to provide dividends. It was founded to provide performances of the classics for the poorer classes. This charitable purpose has been abandoned; and it is doubtful whether such a dereliction would be excusable even if the Old Vic productions were so exemplary as to set a standard to the English theatre. In fact they have become increasingly conspicuous for exactly those vices that used to be justly denounced in the productions of actor-managers. We are treated to performances in which the brilliance of one or two stars is presumed to compensate for the mediocrity of the supporting cast.

Apart from the two stars, the production of *Henry IV* was as bad as any Shakespeare I have ever seen, for the simple reason that a third of the lines were incomprehensible. The production of *The Alchemist* was even worse. This play sets in the mouth of Sir Epicure Mammon two of the most splendid outbursts in English dramatic poetry: the first was spoken as if it was prose; so indeed, I fancy, was the second, but I heard precious little of it, so busy was the actor with the gross horse-play that the producer here held to be appropriate. Of the more important players only Mr. Guinness succeeded in making me hear every word. This comedy, largely concerned with the power of language, describes the impact of the Renaissance upon England, and the producer turned it into a knockabout farce—setting it in a Queen Anne decor that turned the text to nonsense. It would be charitable, but, I understand, mistaken to suppose that the company had intended a play by Congreve, and had been obliged by economy to use the set already constructed for this. The excuse for this bizarrerie was that charlatanism exists in all ages. On similar grounds we may hope to see Saint Joan wearing a grass-skirt from Tahiti and Solness in the costume of a Druid.

What amazed me most of all was that several critics applauded the producer for the pains he had taken to make the actors gabble, thus sparing the audience the boredom of hearing Jonson's tiresome words! If such be the aims of our non-commercial theatre, thank God for the wicked capitalists who surround Mr. Gielgud with actors who not only can speak articulately but are permitted, nay encouraged, to do so.

Such were my sad musings at Cambridge, where I heard amateurs rendering clearly and intelligently and musically the poetry of *Macbeth* and the nonsense of *Dioclesian*. This latter is a play by Beaumont and, probably, Massinger into which Betterton introduced a number of songs commissioned from Purcell. Dramatically, it is grotesque, showing that men could write as ill for the stage in the seventeenth century as in the nineteenth or twentieth. (Though not caricatured at Cambridge, it excited much reasonable merriment.) Musically it is celestial. The production represented a triumph over immense difficulties, and the highest credit is due to everyone responsible.

Having never yet seen a satisfactory performance of *Macbeth*—except in the Verdi version—I incline to the paradox that it is not a good play: though it contains three prodigiously theatrical scenes, does one care what happens to any of the characters? The Cambridge production was the least unsatisfactory I have seen, chiefly because the poetry, which is the chief strength of the play, was so splendidly delivered. The Lady Macbeth revealed also startling histrionic power; the Macduff was unusually moving; the Banquo, dignified in life, made a most pathetic ghost. And the Macbeth? Mr. Rylands, who played the part and produced the play, was handicapped by a make-up that reduced the expressive play of his features, and also by his wig. But if he looked altogether too dandified, his performance emphasised the ferocity of the character, a tiger in whom the first taste of blood had produced an appetite for more and ever more. He succeeded miraculously in making the end of the play seem almost as effective as the beginning. And oh! the treat of hearing an actor perform this unsurpassed verse, as Casals plays, with entire control and never sacrificing significance to ostentation.

Nothing I have said is meant to suggest that amateurs can compete with professionals in ease of movement or variety of gesture and voice. The astonishing thing is that they should be superior in one respect—and one of such importance. At Cambridge even the players of the small parts succeeded with few exceptions in speaking clearly. If a scholar can do this with amateur actors, why don't the Old Vic producers manage equally well with professionals? Is it that they can't or that they don't want to?

RAYMOND MORTIMER

"Trapeze in the Vatican," at the Arts Theatre Club

It seemed when Shaw wrote *Arms and the Man* that the comedy of the lady, the cardboard lover and the unromantic but kindly realist could never be repeated. *Trapeze in the Vatican* shares some details of plot and incident with Shaw's play, but lacks even a particle of its purpose and comic spirit. This jog-trot little story of an ambassador's daughter and an acrobat who embark on a marriage of convenience, is set in Vatican City, during and after the war. The author's object, as far as one can determine, must have been to demonstrate how oblivious of outside circumstances a group of virtually imprisoned people can be; in this aim at least he succeeded. The production is almost unbearably slow, thereby giving what may be undue weight to the laboured humour of the dialogue. Mr. Hedley Briggs is one of the least spirited acrobats ever seen, which in the circumstances is understandable. The Vatican is otherwise remarkable for housing the most doggedly boring ambassadors one could meet outside full-blooded musical comedy and the least credible ambassador's daughter ever invented—played with such dramatic starts and swoops, such sidelong flashing looks and gazings-out-of-windows, such pauses and lowered eyelids that I felt convinced she was at least a German spy who would blow up the entire Vatican in Act III.

This curiously uncontemporary piece has a melancholy interest, since it is an example of what a new German play, put on in Dusseldorf in 1946, is like. Mr. Ashley Dukes, who found it, considered its wooden dialogue worth translation and gave it its

All the best

DR. JOHNSON once remarked to Boswell that there was no scenery that could not be improved by a good inn in the foreground! We must not take him too literally, but we all know what he meant. There is no game of cricket which is not improved by the presence of an inn beside the village green. There is no road along which we may hike or bike which is not the pleasanter for a glass of beer at a wayside pub. And, in whatever neighbourhood we may live, there is no better meeting place than

At the friendly Inn

Printed for The Brewers' Society

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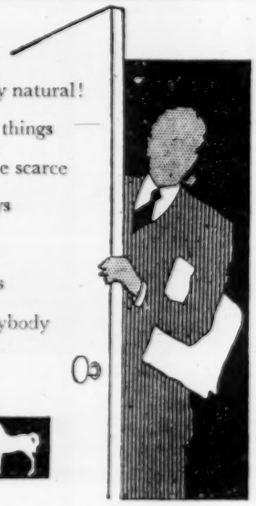

Home supplies of White Horse Whisky seem even smaller, because so very many people ask for it first.

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one gay line—the title, adds a programme note: ". . . we need not reproach any writer of to-day with being ingenious and urbane instead of partisan or world-political." Indeed, no; who would dream of such a thing? Determined not to fall into this error, one struggled for three acts to find a hint of ingenuity or urbanity, and came away convinced that the author was entirely beyond reproach.

THE MOVIES

"Holiday Camp," at the Gaumont and the Marble Arch Pavilion
"Dancing to Crime," at the Plaza

Those of us (a few) who don't instinctively look for the holiday camp can still derive our own sort of enjoyment from the thought of it. Vicarious distaste is surely among the keener pleasures: so long as I am not encamped there myself, it delights me that a thousand diners should be asked solicitously by loudspeaker, "Are you enjoying your dinner?" with the inevitable answering roar of "Yes!"

For those who relish it here is joy without strength, totalitarianism minus the weapons, revivalism brought to earth; nothing more menacing than the determination to "have a good time" inspires these tribal feasts, dances, processions; compared with a May Day parade or a Presidential election it all looks innocuous and a little flat. I first learnt of these pleasures in an ingenious novel by Mr. Nicholas Blake, and *Holiday Camp* adds to my enthralment and knowledge.

I knew, for example, that everything in this mixture of hydro, amusement park, and prison camp would be slap-up, but I hadn't guessed that a publicly announced cup of tea would greet me on arrival, that he lavatories would be marked "Lads" and "Lasses," that the loudspeaker would bid me good-night and wake me up next day. Bathing parades, concerts (unclassical), love affairs, physical jerks, and hi-de-hoing at all hours complete the programme.

Or would, if this were not on the screen. As it is, *Holiday Camp* warns as well as enthuses. If you are young enough to wear a blazer, two hard-bitten lads with a bottle back in the chalet will get hold of you and wring £9 out of you at *vingt-et-un*. Better keep to girls. Theirs, in any case, is the more hapless role. They hope, before the end of the fortnight, to get themselves engaged, but little do they realise the perils involved. The smart-looking ex-R.A.F. officer, as likely as not, will shove them over the cliff: this is a lady-killer on the run who really kills. (No film to-day can be complete without its inviting sex-maniac.) Even harder is the lot of the saddened spinster. The Voice from the clock-tower—"Attention, campers, etc."—will turn out to be an old lover, blinded in the war before last, and now happily married; then there's nothing to be done except to creep off and save a young couple from jumping into the sea. That cliff should have a railing next year. Still, on balance, it's fun in the camp while it lasts.

Holiday Camp essays the kind of sentiment mixed with satire which Coward brought off notably in *This Happy Breed*. Clever documentation (director, Ken Annakin); some real and some phoney revelations of human nature; solid performance by Jack Warner as a father who growls stoically and takes more to beauty contests than to organised knee-bends. I recommend *Holiday Camp* because on the whole it is a slice of life rather than fiction, and because its background is new to the screen. In point of fact, I believe that the holiday camp of to-day is even more decorous than its portrayal here; and Mozart, on occasion, as well as Cheerful Charlie Chester, will reward campers who make for the concert room.

Another English piece, *Dancing to Crime*, has an appealing London background of pubs, the palais, smash-and-grab, dance hostesses, and lone taxi-driving. A genial thug (whose name I didn't catch) dies much too soon; Richard Attenborough and Sheila Sim make a pretty pair of babes in the Soho-cum-Camberwell wood. This is a strictly orthodox thriller (you would be disappointed if the master-mind, looking rather like James Gleason, failed to conceal his safe under that picture on the wall behind his office desk), but the photography and the direction of John Paddy Carstairs show touches of imagination: one sequence of the taxi-man driving off whistling while, unknown to him, a stowaway dies in the back seat, achieves the authentic irony. One's general impression of *Holiday Camp* and *Dancing With Crime* is that they adequately replace Hollywood products and that they nibble at the mild juicy English cabbage, while stopping short of a real bite.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

RADIO NOTES

THE question of broadcast poetry has been rather fully canvassed, directly and indirectly, during the past fortnight. We have had the Festival of Spoken Poetry, and Mr. Christopher Hassall reading Hood; we have had Mr. Ian Cox on what radio verse should and should not be; we have had *Bishop Blougram's Apology*, and an unusually radiogenic array of New Poems. How does all this work out? To what conclusions does it tend?

First, I think, to a turn for the better of the B.B.C.'s poetry schedule, which has for some time past shown signs of running to seed. Mr. Hassall, in particular, should be a most welcome recruit to producers of this kind of programme; but there was not one of the broadcasts mentioned above that did not shed light on all the others. When presenting the winners in the Festival, Mr. L. A. G. Strong made the point that poets are not necessarily the best speakers of their own verse. This is a point which perhaps needs emphasising, as it may sound like a paradox; yet it is true for the same reasons which make composers seldom the best conductors of their own music. In either case the pace is apt to be too slow, the climaxes too portentous, the emotional tone embarrassingly high. On the other hand, the better alternative is not the amateur speaker, who is nearly always too flat and expressionless, but the controlled professional. Mr. Hassall is, of course, himself a poet; but I take it as certain that he could not have read those verses of Hood with such delightful ease and justness if he were not also a trained actor.

Then there is the question of what verse is good radio material. This criterion can be neglected only at the risk of boring or irritating the listener. It can also be pushed too far—as Mr. Cox, I think, pushed it, in saying that the kind of *enjambement* to be found in Wordsworthian (and other nineteenth-century) blank verse cannot be conveyed by the voice without destroying the rhythm. One had only to listen (on the same evening as Mr. Cox's talk) to Mr. Carleton Hobbs's exemplary delivery of Browning's dramatic monologue, to perceive the degree of colloquial subtlety which a superlative performer can introduce into a poem like this, without ever allowing the basic rhythm to drop out of the listener's consciousness. Bishop Blougram deploys his Epicurean argument with post-prandial diffuseness, and I thought Mr. M. R. Ridley made his (inevitably large) cuts with skill and good sense, though his decision to omit nearly all the topical references (*e.g.*, "Verdi . . . at his worst opera's end"; "King Bomba's lazzaroni"), made the poem seem on the whole rather drier than it really is.

For my part I very much doubt whether Mr. Cox is right in assuming that people in general find "heightened language" embarrassing to listen to. All poetry is a form of rhetoric, the scope of which reaches down into every sphere of life. What everyone instinctively loathes, because he feels it is false, is the Voice Beautiful—and here I suggest that the judges at the Festival need to be rather more on their guard. Mercifully, perhaps, we do not know what depths of badness the losing candidates may have touched, but the winners' vowels were not all they should have been, although in other respects they spoke clearly and effectively.

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Without a loss of face
And make the abdication
Appear an act of grace.

Lay down the White Man's burden
The Indian's fight is won,
They called too loud on freedom
Before your task was done;
They would not be united
According to your plan—
You frowned upon partition
But yielded Pakistan.

The White Man's weary burden
Must be discarded soon,
Off-loaded in Malaya,
Colombo and Rangoon;
For Asia's subject races
The White Man's wars have ceased—
Take up the White Man's burden
To guide the Middle East.

Part of the White Man's burden
Ye drop beside the Nile,
But still it must be carried
In Burra Sahib style—
Still exiled east of Suez
Ye serve your captives' needs,
The backward, sullen peoples,
The wild Mandated breeds.

Take up the White Man's burden
Where it must still be borne,
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On tribes by conflict torn.
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Your mandate you resign—
Take up the White Man's burden
In thankless Palestine!

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Correspondence

MARXISM REVIEWED

Sir,—Mr. Kingsley Martin's article under the above title in *The Political Quarterly*, much needed as it is, will be an arrow shot in the air unless and until it is possible to view Marx before reviewing him. Some sixty-five years ago my complete conversion to Socialism was effected by the first volume of *Das Kapital;* but I read it not in English but in the French translation of Deville. I have never read it since; but I had occasion to refer to it last month, and bought the English translation in three volumes now on the market. It cost me £3 15*s*. This means that *Das Kapital* is unobtainable in English for at least 95 per cent of our population.

But, what is worse, for the 5 per cent who can afford to buy it (and don't) much of it is obsolete and unreadable. In the nineteenth century, authors disputed and quarrelled endlessly about what they called their originality. To read the second and third volumes edited (I forbear to say faked) by Engels one would suppose that the whole question of Capitalism *versus* Socialism turned on whether Marx or Rodbertus originated the labor theory of value. Now that Rodbertus is forgotten, and all the labor theories of value, from Penny's version to Ricardo's and Marx's, swept into the dustbin in 1871 by Jevons, Walras, and Edgeworth, their mathematical theory being more favourable to Socialism, all this stuff has become quite unbearable and its discussion waste of time.

Engels was a very able author. His reputation relatively to Marx's has been steadily growing; but he was virtually mad on one subject: the infallibility and prophetic omniscience of Marx, and the erroneousness, not to say the rascality, of all who questioned them. I was afflicted in that way myself for a few weeks.

Now Marx, with an 1848 mentality, spent the succeeding years in the reading room of the British Museum without any administrative experience. In nineteenth-century fashion he was so jealous of rival Socialist authors that his contacts with British movements and personalities were limited, and his quarrels with them endless.

Old Matilda, Hyndman's first wife, told me that Marx's quarrel with Hyndman did not begin with the omission of his name from Hyndman's book *England For All*, but from a certain day when, visiting the Marxes, her husband put on Marx's hat by mistake and found that it fitted him exactly instead of being much too large for him. Without attaching too much importance to this reminiscence, I mention it as an example of the enormous gap between the vast outlook of the Communist Manifesto and the littleness of its authors' disparagements of Lassalle, Bakunin, Hyndman, the Fabians, the Trade Union leaders: in short, whoever was not an idolatrously doctrinaire disciple of Marx.

Such Marxism is pre-Fabian, and as hopelessly and boringly out of date as the pre-Marxism of our most reactionary Diehards and military Glory Merchants. It was the first and only quite authentic volume of *Das Kapital* that changed the mind of Europe by, as I have so often put it, lifting the lid off hell and substituting an apologetic compunction for the optimistic complacency of the great Exhibition of 1851. It can keep that work going if only it is corrected and made readable in a single cheap volume.

Marx's tedious preliminary attempt to deduce Surplus Value from an analysis of the circulation of commodities must be jettisoned ruthlessly: Morris's definition of the process as "robbing the poor" is enough for British proletarians. As to Historic Materialism, it may be left to longheaded Scots like J. B. S. Haldane: the Englishman in the street has no use for it.

Here, then, is a job for some young world-betterer at a loss for something important to do. Who speaks first?

G. B. S.

YUGOSLAVIA

Sir,—Mr. A. Vallance's "unforgettable impressions" from Yugoslavia are more a poem than an account of the Yugoslav realities. According to what he says, Yugoslavia of to-day would be not very much short of a wonderland where reactions of the human beings to war sufferings, noticeable everywhere all over the world, were alien. He is too much "convinced" and "firmly persuaded," he "believes" too much and in consequence too much is taken as "obvious" and too many appearances as realities.

For instance, the allegation: "I know no European country in which the police are fewer in numbers or less dictatorial in their relations with the populace," could not stand any disinterested scrutiny. Or to state that "the degree of tolerance which Yugoslav Communists display is surprising," is very courageous in the face of daily sentences to death or forced labour for political reasons. To declare that "organisation in Yugoslavia is not imposed regimentation but a free, self-chosen discipline," and to believe that somebody in Yugoslavia could seriously say of Tito: "We made him. He is our man, and so long as he's that we'll follow

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SIR,—In your issue of August 2nd Mr. Vallance states that he knows of no European country where the police are fewer in number than Yugoslavia. I find it difficult to believe this conclusion has any foundation in fact. For one thing Organisations such as OSNA (Yugoslavia's counterpart to the Russian OGPU), are not likely to disclose their numbers to anyone, and certainly not to foreigners.

My own experiences as a British correspondent have during the last year been restricted to four European countries, Belgium, Greece, Bulgaria and Yugoslavia. It was only in Yugoslavia that the police were a real nuisance, to put it mildly!

NANCY CRAWSHAW

Flat 38,
88, Portland Place, W.1.

[Aylmer Vallance writes: "The impressions which I recorded were, necessarily, those based on personal experience. I did not deny the existence in Yugoslavia of a Security Organisation—any more than I would disguise the existence in Britain of M.I.5 and the Special Branch—nor would I seek to deny that during the aftermath of Liberation there were many "political" round-ups. Mrs. Crawshaw does not say in what respect or for what reasons (real or alleged) she found the police a "nuisance." Personally, I found the "visible" police courteous and unobtrusive. An unrestricted Dozvola (*permis de circuler*) was readily forthcoming, and I was only once asked to show it. I could cite several instances I came across of police indulgence to foreigners who negligently contravened the law; and nobody who watched the friendly relations between policemen and the common people in village inns, railway platforms and so forth could mistake—as Mr. Krnjević accuses me of doing—appearance for reality. My observation of the Yugoslav people's unity and readiness to work freely for their country may have been "casual," but it was at least made on the spot and not through the remote windows of the Athenaeum."—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

BRITISH OUTPUT

Sir,—Mr. David Murray questions my statement in your columns that British industrial output, particularly in the metal industries, is now running at record levels. For the sake of your space, I did not give the figures; but since Mr. Murray is evidently unfamiliar with them, perhaps I may now do so.

First may I quote the *Economist* of the same date as my article (August 2nd): "But it is certainly not true that the aggregate output of all goods and services is low. On the contrary, it is very high, judged by any of the available tests . . . All the familiar indications of general business activity give the same result . . . There is really very little room for doubt that the aggregate output of the British community to-day is from 10 to 20 per cent higher in volume than it was in 1938."

Here are the figures:

Motor vehicles (monthly output)

1935	36,772
1938	37,084
January 1946	16,119
June 1947	44,094

Steel ingots (weekly output in tons)

1935	190,000
1938	200,000
January 1946	229,000
June 1947	254,000

Merchant ships under construction (tons at end of period)

1938	780,000
1942	1,270,000
1946	1,758,000
June 1947	1,861,000

You would have to go back to 1920 to find a comparable figure for ship-building.

House of Commons. DOUGLAS JAY

BRICKS

SIR,—The following incident should, I think, be brought to the notice of your readers.

During the recent anti-Semitic rioting in Salford an enterprising person collected a load of bricks from a nearby blitzed site and took them to the scene of the rioting.

There he proceeded to sell them, calling "Come and have a go, bricks a penny each."

Patrolling police did not interfere with private enterprise.

The above story, which sounds almost too good to be true, can be corroborated. R. FORSHAW

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Ashton-on-Mersey, Sale.

THE CONSCIENCE OF GEORGE ELIOT

SIR,—If living memory towards the end of last century is to be depended upon, Mr. V. S. Pritchett in your issue of August 9 is right in stressing the bad conscience of George Eliot. She had not only the irregularity of her relationship with G. H. Lewes upon her mind (and there is every reason to believe it weighed upon her very heavily) but a vicarious conscience in regard to Lewes and his wife Agnes. I knew Agnes Lewes when I was a young man and she an old woman; further, after her death, I was furnished by my aunt, Mrs. Lucy Gell (niece of Mrs. Thornton Hunt) who had been in the confidence of Agnes Lewes, with the substance of her personal confessions. Mrs. Lewes, while not blameless in her own later life, had been in her youth a deeply wronged woman. She was married at seventeen, and told by Lewes on her wedding day that he did not believe in marriage; he was to be quite free himself, and would extend an equal liberty to her. He appears to have been quite sincere: a social reformer of the time, following Fourier. At any rate he put his principles into practice immediately, by getting a domestic servant into the family way; the baby, and Agnes's first, were born at the same time and under the same roof. He encouraged Agnes to be unfaithful to him (not that he saw it in that light) in the person of his own friend. She had begun as an extremely innocent young woman, taking all his words for gospel. In later life she saw things very differently. It is not to be supposed that George Eliot was ignorant of all this, and indeed Agnes Lewes declared she was not; Lewes, whatever his irregularities, was an honest man. It may be presumed that George Eliot shouldered his conscience, assuming that he had any, as well as her own. One great terror of her life seems to have been that his early behaviour might be revealed to the world. Agnes was entirely loyal, keeping silence throughout her long life. Whether others were as loyal to her is to be doubted, considering the rumours as to her personal character which somehow got into circulation. For years she was said to be dissolute and drunken, if not mad. The truth was far otherwise, as I can testify. But it must have been a continuous agony to George Eliot to think that the man she had thrown in her lot with had such a questionable past. It is known that all incriminating documents were destroyed by Lewes; but the writing of the Recording Angel (as Marion Evans may have seen it) could not be destroyed.

Incidentally, might not the pretence that Lewes and George Eliot were "married" be dropped at this time of day? It is true that George Eliot always wrote and spoke of My Husband, but her very insistence is a mark of conscience in the matter. She had the courage of her actions, and little service is done to the memory of a great woman by any paltering with the truth. HALCOTT GLOVER

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METHUEN

BOOKS IN GENERAL

THE law of libel in this country is at once so severe and in its application so uncertain as to cause perpetual anxiety to all of us who write or edit. My knowledge of France convinces me, however, that this is a fault on the right side. For there it has been possible to hurl with impunity the wildest accusations. If you were a Royalist, for instance, you gaily asserted of some Republican politician you disliked that he was in the habit not only of taking bribes but of committing criminal assaults upon little girls. Such random mud-slinging, besides being intrinsically odious, had the effect consequent upon all false cries of "Wolf!": the public grew sceptical about the press as well as cynical about politicians, and it became accordingly easier for scoundrels to hold high office.

At the same time I think that nobody should be able to win damages for libel unless he can prove both that the writer intended to attack him and that he has suffered material damage. If I write a short story about an opium-addict called John Smith, anyone of that name (and there are over fifty in the London Telephone Book alone) may issue a writ, citing some friend who has pretended to recognise him in my hero. (The unfortunate George Moore discovered this to his cost: he wrote a book called *Lewis Seymour and Some Women* and was successfully sued by a Mr. Lewis Seymour of whom he had never heard.) As the law stands, newspapers and publishing firms when faced with writs for libel often settle even when the plaintiff has a miserable case, merely because this is cheaper than to expend time on preparing the defence. The result is a great deal of what amounts to blackmail, though it cannot be prosecuted as such.

The case I am about to discuss—though I think the plaintiff was unwise to bring it—was of a totally different order. He genuinely thought himself aggrieved, and the defendants had deliberately attacked his conduct. *Privacy and the Press** is the verbatim report of an action that raised very nice and accordingly controversial issues: while it is specially important to those of us who work for the press, it is so interesting in its details that it can be strongly recommended to the general reader.

In December 1945 the wedding in Westminster Abbey of Captain Robert Cecil, eldest son of Lord Cranborne (the present Marquess of Salisbury), was followed by a reception in the Salisbury family house in Arlington Street. A number of press representatives who previously made inquiries by telephone were told that their presence at this reception was not desired; and persons were established at the entrances to the courtyard to prevent anyone entering without a card of invitation. The crowd however was such that three press photographers made their way in. Two of these, having been refused permission to use their cameras, left the house; the third, Mr. Lea of the *Daily Mirror*, asked various guests who could give him such permission, and then approached the bridegroom. According to Captain Cecil and his wife, he refused absolutely. According to Mr. Lea, he said "Certainly not. You can't take me coming down the stairs"—which Mr. Lea took as implicit permission to take him elsewhere. A few minutes later he did take a photograph, without warning, using a flashlight; the bridegroom struck him, seized his camera, and smashed it by jumping on it. Some three weeks later Captain Cecil was summoned for assault and malicious damage, and was fined £10 with £185 damages, the magistrate describing his behaviour as "ungentlemanly and cowardly." A fortnight later a journal called *The Justice of the Peace and Local Government Review* published an unsigned note on the case, declaring that the terms "ungentlemanly and cowardly" were applicable to such journalists as intruded into private life, and that Mr. Lea's conduct had demonstrated "his lack of elementary breeding." Thereupon Mr. Lea sued the journal for libel; and Mr. Justice Hilbery, who was sitting without a jury, gave judgment for the defendants, after making extremely severe comments upon the plaintiff.

Three further details must be mentioned. 1. Mr. Lea between Westminster Abbey and Arlington Street went to the Burlington Arcade to buy a red carnation which he put in his buttonhole. He explained that he did this because he was going to a Left Wing party late that evening, that the flower was a Left Wing emblem, and that he was, at that time, a Socialist. The Judge did not accept the truth of this explanation; and it strikes me as highly improbable that in the course of a rush job such as this a photographer would make a detour for the reason he alleged. Some of the evidence on other points that he had given in the police-court was proved to be inaccurate, and I cannot but conclude that he bought a buttonhole in the hope of entering the reception unchallenged in the guise of a guest. If this be so, does not his recourse to such a stratagem suggest that he had heard that his presence would be unwelcome? 2. Mr. Lea left his hat in the cloakroom but kept on his topcoat. Council for the Defence suggested that he had done this to conceal his camera. But to me this seems odd behaviour if in fact he wished—having once effected his entry—still to be taken for a guest, since no guest at a reception would wear a topcoat. 3. Mr. Lea, when asked by the best man what paper he represented, answered "I come from the paper of the times"; and he admitted that he hoped this would be taken to mean that he was representing *The Times*.

One's opinion of his behaviour must depend partly on whether one accepts his story, or that of Captain and Mrs. Cecil, about the remark "You can't take me coming down the stairs"; and it is just possible that there was room here for a misunderstanding. In any case it seems to me that he was completely unjustified in taking the photograph without again asking permission, and the use of a flashlight aggravated this offence. Captain Cecil had been severely wounded in the War, and the shock and surprise caused by the flashlight makes his loss of temper entirely comprehensible.

In the witness-box Mr. Lea made admissions highly damaging to his case.

> *Counsel for the Plaintiff:* Whether it be right or wrong, did you think you were in the same position as a private person, uninvited in a person's private house where there was no reception?
>
> *A.:* No.
>
> *Mr. Justice Hilbery:* You did not think you were in the same position?—*A.* No.
>
> *Q.* What greater rights or privileges did you think you had?
>
> *A.* I suppose the rights of the press.
>
> *Q.* What are they?—*A.* Well, facts have to be recorded, My Lord.
>
> *Q.* I thought I heard you say "rights of the press"
>
> *A.* You asked me what rights I had.
>
> *Q.* You tell me what rights the press have that other citizens have not in this country.
>
> *A.* Your job is to portray life. . . .

(Here I omit a few lines.)

> *Q.* What rights had you in the way of conduct—rights to conduct yourself in any way which was different from any other law-abiding citizen? Because you were the press you thought you had some different rights. What were they?
>
> *A.* There are the rights of a free press, the recording of everything, Courts, weddings, which are all for the general benefit of the country and accepted as such.
>
> *Q.* Anything can be excused providing you say it is in the general interest; is that it?
>
> *A.* Yes, my Lord.
>
> *Mr. Justice Hilbery:* I thought we should get to it. Disabuse your mind of that. This country is still a country which is in theory living under a reign of law.

It is because Mr. Lea's view of the rights of the press was so emphatically condemned by the Judge that this case is of signal public importance. A view such as his has led in the United States to the abolition of the individual's right to privacy; and though in this country impertinent entries into people's homes remain rare, bereaved relations are even here occasionally submitted to the most callous intrusions.

On the other hand, the appetite of private individuals for publicity is far more widespread than the Judge appeared to realise. Any writer of a gossip-column would agree that the desire to get one's name in the newspaper is to be found in all but an exiguous minority. At nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand wedding-receptions press photographers would be welcomed with open arms; and if the wedding is "fashionable" their presence is expected. Nor are even the old-established nobility always immune from this appetite—consider some of the ladies who proclaimed in the advertisement-columns that they owed to some toilet preparation their immunity from blackheads and similar blemishes. Sometimes this was done only for money, sometimes—one surmises—also out of vanity; and the suspicion that not all of these ladies did in fact habitually use the preparations they advertised hardly makes their conduct appear more reputable.

Not being a lawyer, I fail to understand what the Judge meant when he said that Captain Cecil's wedding (not the reception) was a private affair. The only weddings, I should have supposed, that can be called private are those celebrated in private houses by special licence. Certainly if you choose Westminster Abbey for your wedding, you cannot reasonably hope to escape the attention of the public or the press. Moreover publicity, whether you consider it a privilege or a penalty, is an apanage that cannot be avoided if you are the eventual heir to the historic title of Salisbury and son of a prominent politician. I say this not as a justification of Mr. Lea's conduct but as a comment on the Judge's censorious talk of the "idle curiosity" shown by "large members of the public in some people's affairs because they happen to move in particular circles." Such curiosity follows prestige as effect follows cause; it is inherent in the constitution of English society and in English history. Indeed the only way to curb it would be to abolish the House of Lords and to forbid the use of all titles. Profoundly as one must respect Judges for their integrity and their knowledge of law, they sometimes seem, in their *obiter dicta* about current life, to reveal a surprising innocence.

In his introduction Mr. Montgomery Hyde emphasises the unwisdom of Mr. Lea in bringing this action, and quotes aptly the case of a Plaintiff who brought an action for slander against a man who had called him a highwayman: he lost his case, was at once arrested and subsequently hanged. Similarly Mr. Lea brought to the attention of a public far larger than that of *The Justice of the Peace and Local Government Review* the fact that his behaviour had been ungentlemanly. (Mr. Montgomery Hyde should have mentioned, I think, that a severe letter about his behaviour had appeared anonymously in *The Times*.) For my part I consider it was not merely imprudent but highly unreasonable of him to bring the action. The alleged libel had not alienated his employers, nor did he bring any evidence to show that it had done him harm of any sort. Why should a man so little thin-skinned as to behave as on his own admission he did, feel aggrieved at being called "ungentlemanly"? It is no doubt typical of a society in a state of rapid evolution that men should wish to be thought to follow one code when it is quite another upon which they act. One would have much more respect for Mr. Lea if he had said: "I do not pretend to be a gentleman; I do not accept the rules of a class that I believe to be obsolescent; and I should be ashamed if I allowed such rules to deter me from serving what I consider to be the rights of the press." Alas, he wanted both to have his cake and to eat it: he was merely human.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

---

* *Privacy and the Press. The Daily Mirror Photographer Libel Action.* Edited with an Introduction by Montgomery Hyde. *Butterworth.* 6*s.*

AUTHORS AND AUTHORESSES

A Victorian Album. By LUCY POATE STEBBINS. *Secker and Warburg.* 12s. 6d.

They are all writers. They are all women. Some are Ladies. But do they all belong in the pages of an Album? Mrs. Henry Wood, perhaps, but certainly not George Eliot; certainly not Charlotte Brontë, nor industrious Mrs. Gaskell; indeed, few even of the minor novelists in this book have about their lives the necessary air of faded prettiness or repose that the title suggests. If they have anything in common at all besides the vigour with which they produced their novels, it is their conformity to a social code that so many of them resented. Rebellious but not rebelling, they wrote within the framework of the society in which they lived, mildly or smoulderingly acquiescent. Mrs. Lynn Linton, whose manuscripts George Meredith always returned, when he was reader to Chapman and Hall, because he disliked "her abhorrence of the emancipation of young females from their ancient rules" is not, in this, an exception.

Mrs. Stebbins's dogmatic utterances are often baffling to the reader. She considers the four major women novelists of the century Charlotte Brontë, Mrs. Gaskell, George Eliot and Mrs. Oliphant, in that order. The fifth place she allots to the author of *John Halifax, Gentleman*. Her "grading" should at least be accompanied by some reasoned criticism; it is not. Instead, she gives rapid surveys of the lives of these writers, with the slightest of comments on their books. Mrs. Gaskell is presented as the minister's pretty wife, obsessed by a conception which Mrs. Stebbins calls "the Lie," and sees as the basic plot of all her stories; George Eliot's history is of her failure to co-ordinate her inner and outer life. The essay on Charlotte Brontë, like most studies of this writer, adds little to our knowledge of the novelist but is immensely revealing of the critic. Charlotte, like Keats, is so easy a target; her life had few events and no concealment; she had not Emily's gift of inscrutability or even of silence. Mrs. Stebbins is interesting enough on the importance of the juvenile writings, but cannot resist some faintly malicious and sometimes astonishing generalisations, such as describing Charlotte as spiritual Games Mistress to the younger Brontës.

The author by whom Mrs. Stebbins is most impressed is Mrs. Oliphant; to her she devotes her longest and most sympathetic chapter. Mrs. Oliphant's life suggests a novel begun by Barrie and ended by Hardy, and Mrs. Stebbins tells her rather harrowing story with some charm. But she does not justify her strange evaluation of Mrs. Oliphant's writing. One reason, surely, why Mrs. Oliphant left no important novel is the sheer quantity of her production—"a truly prodigious output which engaged twenty-four publishers." We may shudder at Mrs. Stebbins's reckless statement that this lady was "perhaps the most prolific writer the world has ever produced," but there is no doubt that she wrote too much, too quickly, being temperamentally incapable of doing otherwise. This explains, possibly, her curious air of dry contempt towards her characters, whom she never gave herself time to know.

But take Mrs. Stebbins's album as a scrapbook, and you will find, among the absurdities, a number of bright passages and lively observations. You may learn that "Mrs. Henry Wood's novels were precisely suited to her own taste," and that "she never wearied of re-reading them"; that George IV praised Mrs. Gore's *Women as They Are* (a dullish book), as "the best-bred and most amusing novel he had ever read"; that Harriet Martineau insisted on spending part of a fund collected to buy her an annuity on a coveted silver teapot; that the poems of Mary Howitt were published (in Philadelphia) in a joint volume with those of Keats; that the most sentimental writers—Mrs. Craik (Dinah Mulock) and Mrs. Henry Wood—were the best business women. "Hurst, the publisher," Mrs. Oliphant reported, "used to turn pale when he spoke of Miss Mulock's bargaining powers."

What is not to be found in this book is any sense of literary criticism. Genius is outside Mrs. Stebbins's scope; impulses and behaviour are enough to interest her. A reader of *Victorian Album*, ignorant of English literature and desiring acquaintance, would be more likely to make a start with the works of Mrs. Oliphant than with *Adam Bede* or *Jane Eyre*. Of a novel called *Wuthering Heights* he would know nothing. Mrs. Stebbins appears to read without any mental palate; one novel tastes much the same as another—*Middlemarch* or *The Curate in Charge*, though she relishes them all. Her best work is on the minor novelists—the authoressess, we might call them—whom she regards with the amiable possessiveness of the discoverer. It is a pleasure to meet, in the first chapter, the stately Mrs. Gore, mother of ten children, who despised passion and went much into society; the Honourable Emily Lawless, whose hobbies were "dredging, mothing, gardening and geologising"; wild Catherine Crowe, who wrote of the supernatural; sensitive Mrs. Archer Clive, author of a sinister novel, *Paul Ferroll*. The really good bibliography and bibliographical notes make up for much of the inaccuracy and hit-or-miss judgment in the book. One might apply to Mrs. Stebbins's presentation of many of these busy, forgotten lives the remark of Jane Carlyle on her own life—that it was like the novels of Mrs. Crowe: "futile in the extreme, but so full of plot that the *interest* has never been allowed to flag."

NAOMI LEWIS

ENCYCLOPAEDISTS

Everyman's Dictionary of Music. Compiled by ERIC BLOM. *Dent.* 10s. 6d.

The Oxford Companion to Music. By PERCY A. SCHOLES. Seventh Edition. *Oxford University Press.* 42s.

The Concertgoer's Handbook. By HUBERT FOSS. *Sylvan Press.* 15s.

Invaluable, omniscient Blom! As though it were not enough to have taken on the badly needed complete revision of *Grove*, here is a 700-page, double-column, one-man *Dictionary*, which I suppose the industrious fellow regards as a preliminary canter over the ground. The book is a little miracle of compression; a pure work of reference, making no pretence to be readable, but on the contrary saving space by the use of every ingenious possibility of abbreviation. The result is something half-way between dictionary and encyclopaedia, notable, like all such works, for its own peculiar merits. One of these is the unusually full attention paid to the links between music and literature; for example, the entry under *Shakespeare* covers nearly five columns. I think the rigid exclusion of all living performers was a mistake (after all, people naturally expect to be able to look up such names as Toscanini or Beecham); but every page testifies to the author's accuracy and sense of proportion. In no niggling spirit, I jot down one or two small points which he may care to correct or reconsider in the inevitable second edition: Fauré's cycle *La Bonne Chanson* contains 9 (not 8) songs; the now generally accepted date of Melba's birth is, I think, 1859 (and not 1861, as also given in Scholes); the libretto of Britten's *Rape of Lucretia* derives more directly from Obey (unmentioned) than from Livy and Shakespeare (mentioned).

The Oxford Companion to Music has deservedly exhausted six large editions in the nine years of its life, and now appears with some fresh material in a seventh. For none of its revisions has the bulk of the text been reset (nor, I am sorry to say, have the deplorable "imaginative portraits" of composers by Batt been dropped), but two appendices have been added, and a most ingenious system of references to each of them embedded in the main text—a system which works even when the addition consists of a totally new entry. From these appendices the reader can follow, not only the serious musical activities of recent years, but the true story of such popular phenomena of our day as Lili Marlene and the Lambeth Walk. Among Mr. Scholes's particular attractions are his useful lists of nicknamed and of misattributed compositions, and the remarkable clarity with which he succeeds in illuminating notoriously muddling questions like *Pitch*; for a sample of his lively style, wide reading and judicious frame of mind, try the essay on *Criticism*—the latest addition to which, by the way, quotes legal opinion for the view that modern editors are unnecessarily scared of the law of libel.

The Concertgoer's Handbook, though also arranged alphabetically, is hardly a work of reference: comparatively short (260 pages), it sets out to be readable on every page, and is. Mr. Foss is slightly less reliable, and more given to quirks of taste, than Messrs. Blom and Scholes. Under *Romeo and Juliet*, for example, we find Shakespeare's play oddly described as "immense," no reference to the operas by Bellini or Zandonai, but mention of one from the pen of Ambroise Thomas. Did Thomas write a *Romeo* opera? Loewenberg, Grove, Blom and Scholes are silent, and I wonder whether Mr. Foss can be thinking of Francis Thomé (1850-1909), who composed incidental music for the play. The entry under Bernard Shaw refers to the single volume which contains his musical criticisms for *The Star* (1888–1890), but says nothing of his more elaborate (and even more brilliant) contributions to *The World* (1890-1894) which fill three volumes of the collected edition. It is curious to describe the present-day repertoire of the gramophone as "not yet very big"; and to suggest that the phrase "absolute pitch" (in the musician's sense) would be better expressed by "relative pitch" or "keen sense of relative pitch". Nevertheless this is a useful and informative little book, which will slip conveniently into the concert-goer's pocket and never bore him. Its confessed object is to send the amateur afield in search of further information; and it fulfils this aim with particular success in a concluding "Note on Books in English to Read about Music." There is also a *List of Books about Music*, compiled by Mr. Scholes, too long to be included in the *Companion*, but published separately by the O.U.P. at three-and-sixpence. No one can say that the English music-lover is poorly catered for when it comes to works of reference.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

NEW NOVELS

Chatterton Square. By E. H. YOUNG. *Cape.* 9s. 6d.

On Some Fair Morning. By CATHERINE HUTTER. *Chatto and Windus.* 10s. 6d.

Insh'allah. By HARRY MURTON WEBB. *Secker and Warburg.* 8s. 6d.

Indian Flamingo. By CHARLES FABRI. *Gollancz.* 8s. 6d.

Happy Now I Go. By THERESA CHARLES. *Longmans.* 9s. 6d.

The Song and the Silence. By MORCHARD BISHOP. *Gollancz.* 8s. 6d.

Ever since those strangely assorted seventeenth-century pioneers, John Bunyan and "the incomparable Mrs. Behn," launched the English novel fairly on its course, the problem of how to reconcile a didactic purpose with fiction that will ring true has been the concern of very many of our novelists. The two ancestors solved the problem fairly well in their different ways. It is unnecessary to dwell on the excellent propaganda of Bunyan's allegory, while *Oroonoko*, the first novel to expose the evils of slavery, preserves a restraint in language and a sense of balance in form which isolate it among similar books as a *tour de force* of vivid condensation.

Perhaps it was the casual simplicity of the Restoration novel, which read like a parable or a spoken tale, that made it so easy to use for a didactic purpose without sacrificing its aesthetic qualities. Certainly, the progressive increase in formal and psychological complexity has

rendered the novel steadily more unmanageable as a method of teaching. Perhaps inevitably, the novelist with a social axe to grind is attracted to some kind of realism, since he hopes to alter life as it is, or at least to air his views about it. But this life as it is—the emotional and mental life of individual persons which it is the function of the realist writer to portray—is much too untidy and irrational to provide in itself the basis of a sermon in fiction. So the unfortunate didactician, in order to transmit his lesson, has to simplify and distort, to force the actions of his characters into arbitrary moulds or fill their mouths with monologues such as in real life exist only in the political meeting or the lecture hall. Consequently, his novels neither appear authentic as stories of how people think and act, nor do they succeed as propaganda, since they are so closely bound to the daily lives of individuals that they fail to abstract any adequate generalisation to convey their social lessons.

Social realism, in fiction as in most other arts, is thus an evident contradiction in terms. The novels that really teach a lesson are those whose action moves on a plane of allegorical improbability. Christian carrying his burden, the impossible Negro prince in Mrs. Behn's novel, these are the convincing figures of didactic fiction. Or, to take a more modern example, how much more effective was H. G. Wells when he made his social criticism through a brilliantly improbable story like *The Island of Dr. Moreau* than when he brought it to the level of political chatter in that exasperatingly unconvincing book, *The New Machiavelli*.

Of the six novels here reviewed, at least four are in some degree didactic exercises, aiming to combine realistic fiction with their author's ideas or prejudices on social problems and political events. The fifth is an attempt to give conviction to a sentimental tale by garnishing it with selected topicalities. The sixth is an avowedly realist novel in which the actions of men and women in given circumstances are recorded and their emotional lives described without any effort to distort them for the purpose of turning the story into a fictional sermon. Significantly, the last is the only one that, in my opinion, can be regarded as really successful.

In *Chatterton Square*, Miss Young takes us back to the unnerving days of the Munich crisis. She describes the lives of two middle-class families in a provincial town during this period. The Blacketts are respectable, dominated by a prim and self-admiring father; the Frasers have a slightly raffish aura, but are generous and solid at the core. Under the influence of the political crisis the reserve of the two families is dissolved, and the unlikeable Mr. Blackett finds his paternal authority undermined by a rebellion in his own family.

Miss Young is a capable craftsman. For those who like it, she knows pretty thoroughly the technique of this kind of provincial novel, and the doomed atmosphere of the time is quite impressively evoked. But the demon of opinion enters in and spoils the balance of her book by some very obvious and crudely managed advocacy of the Churchillian policy of military resistance to Hitler in 1938. Whatever one's opinion on this subject, it does not make a very true impression when all the nice people in the novel share the author's opinions, while the one character who opposes them is represented as being inspired with motives of a despicability which certainly did not inspire all war resisters.

On Some Fair Morning, by Catherine Hutter, is one of those panoramic American novels which have had an unflagging popularity for many years. The plot, but unfortunately not the style, is influenced distantly by the expatriate novels of Henry James. It tells of a rich American girl who marries a German landowner and spends the rest of her life on his Silesian estate. The forty years of events are sprawled over rather heavily, but certain passages describing the nature of German Junker society and the hatred between the Polish landworkers and their foreign masters revive one's interest with their adroit felicity. Again, however, the author's personal opinions are intruded too obviously, and the novel ends in a Vansittartist tone of indiscriminate condemnation of the Germans, whom the heroine talks of as "the supreme enemy of mankind, the only one who has it in him to set the world on fire; the Teuton."

Insh'allah and *Indian Flamingo* are first novels, and both deal somewhat amateurishly with the problem of contact between Europeans and Asiatics. Mr. Webb sets out to represent the Palestine situation from the Arab point of view and his book might well be regarded by novel-readers as an antidote to the fervent Zionism of Mr. Koestler's *Thieves at Night*. The story of an Arab boy, and his contact with British officials and direct actionists of his own race, is told with simplicity and restraint. Yet *Insh'allah* has its evident faults; too much conversation is devoted to unassimilated political information, while, having served in the Palestine police, Mr. Webb tends to convey an impression of their popularity among the Arab peasants which arouses scepticism. Among the poor of no country are the police liked; where they represent foreign domination, they can hardly fail to be resented.

Dr. Fabri lacks Mr. Webb's saving restraint, and *Indian Flamingo* is amateurish in the worst sense. An English museum director in India falls in love with a beautiful Hindu girl whom he likens to a flamingo, and who causes a plague of suicides among her male acquaintances, until finally she gives herself to the hero. No doubt Dr. Fabri is a capable expert on Indian art and has the most laudable desire to promote understanding between European and Indian. As a novelist he is not so praiseworthy. His language is lush and artificial, largely through an attempt to translate Urdu conversation literally into the unsuitable English tongue. Emotionally the novel is immature; the narrator gushes like a sentimental schoolboy over his beloved, and the numerous crises are habitually overdone to the point of absurdity. The characters talk pretentiously, and, instead of helping us to understand the Indian intellectuals, merely give us the impression that they are opinionated bores, which I am sure is not wholly true. Dr. Fabri seems to have decided at all costs to fulfil the old saying that every man carries a novel within him; it is too often forgotten by amateur writers that this one personal novel is not always of interest to a public far beyond its author.

Happy Now I Go is a jejune sentimentality which will no doubt have a certain circulating library success. On to a background of air raids and War Agricultural Committees is grafted a stale romance of a girl who loses her memory when a hotel is bombed, and, after an interlude of bigamous marriage to an R.A.F. pilot, returns to the husband she has forgotten and becomes a dutiful wife and mother. To mention that the name of the heroine is Yseult de Ludith is to give sufficient indication of the nature of the novel; the characters are as unreal as their outlandish names.

Mr. Morchard Bishop's new novel, *The Song and the Silence*, stands out among this batch as a model of good writing. I do not suggest that it is a superlatively fine novel, but it is certainly a workmanlike book, and lacks the pretentiousness, immaturity, crudity and undigested preaching, which in some degree mar all its companions. Mr. Bishop returns us to that wartime England which, for all its unpleasant survivals, now seems as distant as another century; he reconstructs

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its atmosphere with great virtuosity. His method is frankly realistic, and he does succeed in making us enter the heart of his story of the perverse love of a middle-aged R.A.F. officer for one of the girls on his staff. His people are flesh and blood, not discs of shellac, and the characters of the ageing sentimentalist, his carnally-minded wife, and the immature and psychopathic girl are delineated with really acute insight. Perhaps best of all is the ease with which Mr. Bishop builds up—or rather allows to grow in a kind of organic fertility of its own—the whole feeling of those irresponsible, frustrating, yet exciting days of the war, when our ordinary lives were split open and stuffed with new experiences and interests. There is all the slightly fantastic air of the hurriedly erected camps where the most strangely diverse types of people mingled to sort new and perpetually shifting patterns of life from the chaos into which they were thrown. As a well-written novel alone, *The Song and the Silence* repays reading; it is also one of the first really effective pieces of documentary fiction that have emerged from the war.

GEORGE WOODCOCK

IN CHAINS

Prisoner at Large. By IAN REID. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Escape to Live. By EDWARD HOWELL. *Longmans, Green.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The story of escape has become almost moribund, incapable of either surprising the surfeited reader, or of development within itself. The material is strictly limited. One no longer feels moved by just a stark recital of tunnelling, of informers, maps, smuggled tools and cotton reels. Nor do we quite believe to-day—since Vercors has shown us a more sophisticated and ironic portrait of a modern Nazi—in the blundering, over-darkened caricature of the "Boche" who is apt to swagger through the pages of the escape book as unconvincingly as he does on certain films. Indeed, the too-familiar formula stares us in the face like an overdrawn bank balance. Is this why publishers are so anxious to inform us, that their war-books aren't *really* war-books? Is the old business, one wonders, with all its creaking suspense, amidst the sound of wire cutters and gutteral "*heins*," with the prisoner clasping a tuppenny bar of chocolate and a compass in the moonlight, to be re-enacted in a setting of the roaring Forties?

Fortunately, not entirely: both Captain Reid and Wing-Commander Howell escape the obvious pitfalls. Of the two Captain Reid—probably because his experience was different and free from the pain which leads Wing-Commander Howell into introspection—is the more interesting. He is intelligent, perceptive, and his narrative is written with a nicely balanced irony that makes pleasant reading. He made five escapes from prison camps in Italy, and during the periods he was at liberty, the present-day reader might envy, and feel nostalgia for, his gastronomic adventures no less than for the simplicity of his life among the Italian farms.

"You must forgive if I talk so much about food," he says, somewhat shamefacedly, as he writes lyrical descriptions of the food the peasants pressed on him: spaghetti, white bread, brandy, wine, *pasta*, milk, cream cheeses, rabbit, butter. But Captain Reid rushed on, escaping from the *fascisti* and the *Tedeschi*, snatching at enjoyment where he could find it, admiring the beauty of the scenery when it presented itself. He was re-captured on several occasions, through bad luck or an error of judgment. The worst episode, tragic in its consequences, was when a German guard was escorting him and his companion to prison. Captain Reid made a sudden dash over a wall and hid in a ditch, while his companion, who had made no move to follow him, was shot at point-blank range as he stood smiling at the Nazi's bewilderment and dismay. An old woman had to be torn screaming from the guard and the outraged villagers gave the victim a ceremonial burial. Captain Reid had little time for reflection; his aim as always was to reach the British forces who had established bridge heads in the south. One can admire the persistence and the ingenuity with which he set about his task after each escape and recapture.

Hope never died. On one occasion another of his escape companions—Claude—had been stopped in a village by two Germans and asked the way to a café. Claude knew little Italian, but he didn't panic.

> He walked them fifty yards in the opposite direction to a café and then told them "first on the left".
>
> "Grazie, signore," said the Germans.
>
> "Prego" said Claude, and vanished down a turning.

The book is full of such details. On one occasion Captain Reid, who was disguised like a *contadino* in civilian clothes, was asked by a friendly Italian what uniform he wore. He told her that he wore a kilt, making a characteristic remark:

> I recounted Marshal Foch's alleged remark about the kilt in the last war: "Pour la guerre c'est impratique, mais pour l'amour c'est magnifique!"

(*Impratique*, I may add is not a French word.) By far the best part of the book are the descriptions of the lives of the uneducated, badly treated, long-suffering peasants. Apart from Silone, or odd flashes in the work of Hemingway, I have read no better treatment of a subject that is either over-sentimentalised or over-romanticised. Here at last is something authentic and forceful about the "little" people of Italy. Unlike the middle-classes, most of whom jumped whichever way the cat jumped, or the rich *padrones* who kept their land and wealth only if they were Fascists, the peasants remained anti-Fascist, religious, devoted to the family unit: Captain Reid has done well to point this out in a book that is as refreshing as it is well-written.

Wing-Commander Howell's book is different. Months of excruciating pain (he had both arms broken in the German invasion of Crete) makes him pardonably introspective. He has a good deal to say about pain, and the best part of his book describes, with a strange incandescence, his long sojourn as a prisoner in a hospital in Greece.

For a long time his journeys were through the misty realms of semi-conscious pain, an experience which was to turn later into the discovery of faith and the assertion of spiritual values. He found that the only way to combat pain was through a belief in God, and once he had come to this decision he started to get well and began to plan an escape. Personally, I found something a little naïve in the way he attributed to God, when making his escape from the hospital, the various coincidences and strokes of luck he encountered. On every occasion he allowed himself to be "guided." Food appeared miraculously wherever he, or his companions, settled. On another

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occasion he plunged blindly into a river to find that he had been "guided" to a series of stepping-stones. He found himself "led" to knock on the doors of houses where his friends were in hiding. Coincidence? Faith? Who knows? The result, at any rate, was complete success, for Wing-Commander Howell reached Turkey in a small boat, with smugglers who took him across the patrol-infested Greek water.

After their experiences both authors discovered something. Captain Reid had his cynicism confirmed. Wing-Commander Howell found God.

ROBIN KING

RUSSIAN MEMORIES

A Writer Remembers. By N. TELESHOV. Translated by LIONEL ERSKINE BRITTON. *Hutchinson.* 18s.

This is the first part of a book of memoirs, dating from the Eighties of the last century to the beginning of the present one. "All my life I have lived in Moscow," the author says; this did not prevent his knowing most of his celebrated contemporaries, and a host of minor writers. Wherever there were things to be done—from clothing ragged children to founding a theatre—Teleshov was in the foreground.

He writes with genuine modesty; of his own works he mentions only the early story *By Troika*. He writes of Tolstoy, Chehov, Gorki, Chaliapin, Andreyev and others from a memory rich in physical details which make his characters live as if he were writing of the day before yesterday rather than fifty years ago. He has not the magical and illuminating touch of some writers of memoirs, nor their malice; modest and kind-hearted, he sees everyone in his own image, and the result of his benign gaze is pleasing. Chaliapin appears in the first few pages as "a tall fair-haired youngster" turned away from a theatre while Gorki was engaged, as a singer. The author met Chehov as a young man, the "Chehonte" of the newspaper sketches, and later signed, with many since-celebrated Russians, the petition to Chehov's publisher, asking for the release of the writer from a rascally but orthodox agreement. Gorki appears frequently in the book, but most memorably in the description of his deportation from Nizhni-Novgorod. The episode suggests that though you might starve as a writer under the Czar, you were at least a V.I.P. The train on which Gorki was travelling stopped at Moscow for a whole day. Nervously, the police shunted his carriage into a distant goods siding. Several writers went to see Gorki, and when the train moved out he had only time to shout: "Thanks! From now on we call each other 'thou.'" In a language which employs the affectionate singular form, these words meant more than an illuminated address of thanks.

Everyone called Teleshov "thou" sooner or later. He numbered among his friends not merely the giants, but the humble—workman poets who hawked their books among peasants. There is a glow about this book which emanates from the literary atmosphere of the time: for Teleshov and his friends writing was a religion which they never degraded into a superstition.

The reminiscences are not wholly literary. Teleshov played an important part in founding the Moscow Art Theatre. The revival of *The Seagull* there after a failure in St. Petersburg is described with painful tension, and there is a brilliant little summary of the technique of producing a Chehov play.

This is not a good translation. Fortunately its irritating mannerisms and downright illiteracies do not obscure Teleshov's charm of character.

IVAN ROE

WORD MAGIC AND POLITICAL THEORY

The Myth of the State. By ERNEST CASSIRER. *Oxford University Press.* 18s.

We have in this posthumous work an interpretation of the perplexing contemporary situation from the standpoints of philosophy and history.

Cassirer chooses the struggle of reason against myth in the history of political theory as his theme. He examines the structure of mythical thought, establishes its relation to the emotions and to language and reviews its function in every field of social life, beginning with primitive times and sifting the intervening periods until in his penultimate chapter he comes to the technique of modern political myths. The development of a technique in this matter is a factor to which he rightly draws attention. The result is a scholarly and enlightening work which may be recommended to the student as an invaluable notebook and to the general reader because of the ease and skill with which the material is handled.

There are two points for criticism. Cassirer defines myth and magic separately, but for the greater part of the book these are used as interchangeable terms, and there are some who will feel that this is confusion. None will disagree with his definition of magic, but there are some who will want to apply here the criticism which, in *The Problem of Knowledge*, he brings against the theory which divides reality into subjective presentations and unknowable things in themselves. They would say that it is magic which effects this separation and that myth is an attempt to establish a universal and necessary connectedness of reality. Myth may build fantastic worlds, but its material is concrete historical experience, and can therefore be submitted to historical criticism. But Magic is rooted in no such experience and will submit to no such criticism; its roots are in a displacement of the function of language. In the *naming* of a personified desire the borderland between myth and magic is reached. When the name loses contact with its referent, myth passes over into magic. The unknowable resides in the name.

The second point is that Cassirer seems surprised that "all this recurs in our modern world," and chiefly in times of danger. Sufficient work has been done upon the science of language (and Cassirer himself has made a notable contribution) to show that the magical use of words is not limited to times of crisis, or to one section of the community, or to one phase of its life, but has penetrated even into the austere realms of metaphysics and mathematical logic. A consistent anthropology must take note of this.

E. E. F. HILL

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Before joining the Navy as an ordinary seaman, Mr. Winn went to Archangel as the guest of the Captain of a ship in the convoy the ill fate of which has caused much controversy, producing in the United States the harshest criticisms of the Admiralty. The *Tirpitz* having come out from a Norwegian fjord, the warships escorting the convoy were ordered to leave it and pursue her before she had done incalculable damage in the Atlantic. Consequently, of the thirty-six ships in the convoy, many of them American, only ten reached port. Mr. Winn on his return was not allowed to tell any part of the story, a decision against which he makes a very strong case. (The information that would thus have reached the enemy would, he maintains, have been much less damaging to the Allied cause than the ill-feeling excited by American ignorance of the facts.) Mr. Winn, though warned that the public no longer wanted war-books, now tells the story as a tribute to the superb fortitude of the men with whom he sailed. It is with these as individuals rather than with naval tactics that he is chiefly concerned, and he writes in the highly subjective

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style that has helped to make him one of the most popular of journalists. If the sophisticated reader does not allow himself to be put off by this, he will find Mr. Winn's story enlightening and impressive. The ordeal to which the convoy was submitted by enemy submarines and aircraft can hardly be exaggerated; nor does the fervour of the author's style obscure the deep sincerity of his homage to the men whose experiences he shared.

His book offers also painful evidence of Russian suspicions and misunderstandings. The fact that twenty-six ships had been lost was dismissed as a shameless lie; appeals for help in searching for sailors left in the sea near the port were refused; fraternisation at Archangel was rigorously suppressed. The good will of the lower deck towards their Russian Allies was further modified by the spectacle of gangs working in chains with overseers carrying whips and revolvers. Mr. Winn writes of this briefly and with restraint. It is clear however that, having endured so much to bring help to Russia, the British sailors were exasperated; and the whole story seems an omen of the disastrous discord now obtaining between the two countries.

Week-end Competitions

No. 912

Set by Roger Marvell

Six guineas for sixteen lines about Bishop Blougram in the style of Tennyson or about Prince Consort in the style of Browning. Entries by Aug. 26.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 909

Set by Naomi Lewis

The usual prizes are offered for an expansion of any Edward Lear limerick into a Wordsworthian poem of 16 lines.

Report by Naomi Lewis

The favourite subject was the Old Man with a Beard: surely, in his combination of pathos, bathos and mystery the most Wordsworthian of Lear's characters. Of course, the difference between the approach of the two poets to their old gentlemen is one of moral evaluation. Detachment they share, but while Lear's narratives are stark and intense, Wordsworth, writing at a different tempo, must round off the incident with an ounce of philosophy. Competitors who flung themselves on Lear's amoral anapaests were zestful and many; those who managed to be at once egotistical and sublime, and at the same time to appreciate that Wordsworth's *ear* never failed him, were few. I recommend that a prize of two guineas goes to G. F., and of half a guinea each to Leslie Johnson, Sylvia Tatham, V. V., Terence Melican and Mary Pedoe.

There dwelt among the untrodden ways
A man, an old man with a beard,
In solitude he spent his days
But for the birds he reared.
Right in his beard they built their nests:
To him t'was joy, not penance.
One day I found him taking stock
Of all his feathered tenants.

Allow me, friend, I said, and then
I shook the beard and out they flew:
Four owls, one wren, three larks, a hen . . .
More than he ever knew.
The doubt had vexed his poor old brain
And long disturbed his slumbers—
But, oh, the gratitude he felt
When I disclosed these numbers. G. F.

Hodge! I remember how we would debate
The barrier raised by Nature 'twixt ourselves
And all four-footed creatures, in so far
As human language touched them not, while they,
Not dumb, but speechless, were in equal case
In laying bare their minds. And I recall
How once I saw, upon a summer's eve,
Thine aged figure seated on a stile,
Thy lips drawn out in beatific curve,
And to my question thus thou mad'st reply:
"Methought that, as the sun's engaging rays
With gentle perseverance softly lull
The fretful infant, ere its ear is tuned
To word of mouth, in comparable wise
The unremitting sunshine of my smile
May soothe the brutish bosom of yon cow."
LESLIE JOHNSON

Once more the Wanderer, from his native hills
Descends on that twin enterprise—to scan
Man, Nature, Life, and scanning, sympathise.
Scarce had he passed that lofty eminence
That stands, a Sentinel, to guard the plain,
Than he was ware of someone at his side,
'Tis William, bearded Bedesman of the Vale!
From throat to thigh descends that ample growth;
Why stands he rapt? What ails him? Questioned, mild
He answers: "As I feared, the mountain Birds
(Two Owls, a Hen, four Larks, and this small Wren)
Have nested, while I slept by yonder rocks,
Within my Beard!" Swiftly the Wanderer
Replies: "O Friend, disdain not Heaven's Gift
In Nature's Impulse! Let this feathered Choir
For Heaven's rich Bounty voice your Gratitude!
SILVIA TATHAM

There was a Man; ye knew him well, ye rocks
And crabs of Cromer! old but sound of limb
His body was, and of unusual strength.
One upright leg his figure would sustain
Where, on a concave eminence of cliff
That rose a brief league from the town, he read
Aloud his Homer. From the public way
Crude rustics eyed him with enquiring glance,
As one who had no business to be there.

Dejected loiterer! was it dire effect
Of some unguarded movement that dissolved
Studious restraint—ah, Edward, say it not!
Deem rather such rigidity of limb
O'ertoppled sense—that he in aerial plunge
Shot oceanwards.
No lifeguard I, but stayed
To muse eight stanzas on the solemn scene.
V. V.

She dwelt just near a baker's shop
Among the fjords of Norway,
And when her aspect made me stop
Was sitting in the doorway;
I stopped because it seemed to me
She sat there rather casually.

A spirit of the mountains wild
And ignorant of fear!
I said "What is your name, my child?"—
But ere it reached my ear,
Wide swung the door and squashed her flat.
Yet all she said was "What of that?"

Ah truly sprung of Viking breed!
When critics squash me flat
I emulate thy humble deed
And murmur "What of that?"
TERENCE MELICAN

. . . The frugal breakfast over, I pursued
My way through meadows, silvered yet with dew
In which the herd, from milking-shed released
Tranquilly cropped the windy buttercups.
Unwholesome nourishment! though courtly bards
Untaught by Nature, praise their properties
With eyes cast upward blithely I approached
The rustic stile, and thinking to o'erleap
The topmost bar, was sudden brought to earth,
And paused a-straddle, at the baleful gaze
Of one fierce cow. Oh Heaven! I exclaimed
Grant me the wisdom to avoid my doom!
When, like an inspiration, on my lips,
I felt the motions of a loving smile
Distend them, softening the bovine heart
With intimations of immortal grace . . etc.
MARY PEDOE

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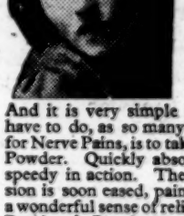

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Appointments Vacant

CANTERBURY University College, Christchurch, New Zealand. Applies. invited for Chair of History and Political Science. Salary £1,200 p.a. (New Zealand currency). Allowance for travelling exps. for appointee and wife. Further partics. may be obtained from The Secretary, Universities Bureau of the British Empire, 8 Park St. London, W.1. Closing date for receipt of applications is October 6, 1947.

THE Queen's University of Belfast. The Senate will shortly proceed to the appointment of a Professor of Celtic Languages and Literature in the University. Salary attached to the office is £1,300 p.a. with pension rights under F.S.S.U. Applics. should be received by Sept. 30, 1947. Further partics. from Richard H. Hunter, Secretary.

THE Arts Council of Great Britain. Applics. invited for an Assistant Regional Director (North of England). Appointment will carry an initial salary of £400–£500 p.a., according to qualifics., together with an expenses allowance, and will be in the first place for a probationary period of one year. A voluntary contributory pensions scheme is available. Applics. to: Assistant Secretary, Arts Council of Gt. Britain, 9 Belgrave Sq. S.W.1.

HOME Office.—Applics. invited for appointment as Inspector under the Dangerous Drugs Act. Duties of Inspectors under Dangerous Drugs Acts include visiting of premises of licensees and other authorised persons for purpose of ensuring compliance with provisions of Acts and Regulations. They are required to maintain close contact with police forces and officers of H.M. Customs in the suppression of illicit traffic in drugs; to deal with questions arising on licensing system and application of Acts and Regulations; and to prepare reports and statistics furnished to United Nations in pursuance of International Conventions relating to opium and other dangerous drugs. Successful candidate would be stationed in London but would be required to travel to all parts of country in normal course of duty. Possession of motor car is an advantage. Candidates should hold a Univ. degree—pref. in Science—and have good working knowledge of at least one foreign language. Knowledge of Spanish useful but not essential. Pref. given to candidates who are under 30 years of age on July 1, 1947. Salary scale for a man will be £400 (age 25 or under); £425 (age 26); £450 (age 27); £475 (age 28); £500 (age 29 or over), by annual increments of £25 to £850; for a woman the salary would be somewhat lower. Post is permanent and pensionable in accordance with general rules governing grant of pensions in Civil Service, and is subject to one year's probation. Forms of application may be obtained from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting number 1958. Completed applic. forms must be received at Commission by Sept. 16, 1947.

CITY and County of Bristol Education Committee. Child Guidance Clinic. Psychiatric Social Worker. Applics. invited for appointment as Psychiatric Social Worker at Child Guidance Clinic. Candidates should possess Mental Health Certificate of London School of Economics or other approved certificate, and previous exp. in Child Guidance desirable. Post is whole-time appointment, subject Local Government Superannuation Act, 1937, and person appointed must undergo medical examination. Sal. paid in accordance with National scale, viz., £370, rising by annual increments of £20 to max. of £530 p.a. Commencing salary dependent on previous exp. Applic. forms and further partics. from undersigned to be returned by Friday, August 22, 1947, endorsed "Psychiatric Social Worker," and accompanied by copies of 2 recent testimonials. G. H. Sylvester, Chief Education Officer, The Council House, College Green, Bristol, 1.

UNIV. College of Hull. Dept. of Social Studies. There are still a few vacancies in this department for Oct., 1947. Students must have London matric. or equivalent, and be at least 18½ yrs. of age. Pref. given to those who have left school for year or more. Apply for partics. to the Registrar.

UNIVERSITY College of S. Wales and Monmouthshire. Correction: Closing date for applics. re post Asst. Tutor of Social Science is August 22.

GOVERNOR Class V (Woman) reqd. for H.M. Prison and Borstal Service. Candidates should be women at least 25 and under 40 years on Jan. 1, 1947. Secondary School or University education. Exp. in club work a recommendation. Appointment is pensionable. Salary (London Scale) £330, rising by annual increments of £20 to £470. Free unfurnished accomm. or an allowance in aid. Application forms from Establishment Officer, Prison Commission, Horseferry House, Dean Ryle St. London, S.W.1. To be returned by Sept. 27, 1947.

CITY of Birmingham, Moseley Hall Colony for Mental Defectives and Residential Special School, Kings Heath, Birmingham, 14. Applics. invited for post of Psychologist at above Colony. Appointment is whole time, non-resident, and duties will be chiefly concerned with mental testing. There are opportunities for research, which will be encouraged. Sal. £600 p.a., plus cost of living bonus at present £59 19s. for men, £48 5s. for women. Applics., giving full partics. of age, exp., etc., and accompanied by the names of 3 refs., to be sent to Medical Superintendent immediately.

ORGANISING Secretary (part-time) required by National Society for the Prevention of Venereal Disease. Capable conduct correspondence and interviews. Energy and vision. Good salary to right person. Applics. in writing with refs., age, and partics. of exp. to Chairman, 47 Nottingham Place, W.1.

MATHS Master, Kindergarten Assistant and Under Matron wanted. Co-educational School near Bristol. Box 8343.

Appointments Vacant—continued

B.B.C. invites applics. for post of Secretary in Portuguese Section. Candidates should be good shorthand/typists, have a first-class knowledge of both English and Portuguese, and a keen interest in foreign affairs. Duties comprise analysing listeners' reports, tabulating replies to questionnaires, replying to listeners' letters, and general office routine work. Detailed applics. to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "Portuguese Secretary," within 7 days. For acknowledgement enclose stamped addd. envelope.

W.E.A. East Midland District. Applics. invited for Organiser in Derbyshire. Exp. of W.E.A. advantage. Sal. £350×£25×£400 p.a. Coun. sal. acc. to qual. and exp. Max. sal. may be increased to £450 after suits. service. Appointment will be made as soon as poss. Applic. form from J. T. Rhodes, Dis. Sec. W.E.A., 14 Shakespeare St. Nottingham.

RESIDENT Warden for Stanley House, Liverpool, Community Centre for Coloured People. Applicant should be married, experienced in Social Work, educated (graduate preferred). £400 and flat. Applics. (writing only), with full partics., to Canon R. A. Reeves, "Sunnyside," Palmerston Rd., Liverpool 18.

STUDENT Labour Federation. Convinced Socialist reqd. as Publicity sec. and Nat. organiser. Sal. £250. Man or woman graduate pref. Applics., incl. exp. and refs., by Sept. 20, to S.L.F., 156 Camden High St. N.W.1.

COUNTY Borough of Reading Education Committee—Service of Youth. Committee invite applics. from men with suitable qualifics. and exp. for post of Boys' Club Leader in the Youth Club Section of the South Reading Community Centre. Previous exp. of full-time Leadership desirable. Sal. scale £300–£15–£525 with appropriate placing. Further partics. and forms of applic. from Chief Education Officer, 177 Kings Rd., Reading, to whom applics. should be returned by Aug. 30.

SOCIAL Work in Rural Areas. The Land Settlement Assocn., Ltd., have a vacancy for a woman between 25/35 years of age to undertake social work on their estate at Stannington, Northumberland. Starting salary £338 p.a. Post is pensionable. Further partics. and application form from Community Service Secy., Land Settlement Assocn., Ltd., 43 Cromwell Rd. London, S.W.7.

BOARDING Home at Westerham, Kent, approved by Ministry of Educ. for 20 intelligent maladjusted children aged 2-7 receiving psychiatric and psychological help. Applics. invited for vacancies arising between Sept., 1947, and Jan., 1948, for year's training under direction of Ruth Thomas, Educ. Psychologist. Maintenance allowance of £78 p.a. resident to applicants holding nursing, teaching or nursery qualifics., or with exp. of children. Applics. to be made as soon as possible on forms obtainable from Homes Secy., Natl. Assocn. for Mental Health, 39 Queen Anne St. London, W.1.

WOMAN Club Leader. Burlington Hall Neighbourhood Centre, High St., Aston, Birmingham, 6. Girls' Clubs, some mixed and adult activities. £300. Apply Secretary.

L.C.C. Education Officer's Department. Applics. invited from women for appointment as domestic supervisor of residential educational establishments. Sal. £350×£25—£600×£30—£680 p.a. There is no other posn. of this kind in the Education service at present, and while the person appointed carries sole responsibility she will receive also special allowance of £50 p.a. Duties will be to advise on and supervise the whole range of domestic arrangements in these schools and homes. Travelling to and from establishments in various parts of the country is involved. Knowl. of catering and organisation of domestic staffs is necessary. Forms of application from the Education Officer (Estab. 2), County Hall, S.E.1 (stamped addd. foolscap env. nec.), to be returned by Aug. 30, 1947. (2437.)

L.C.C. Reqd. at Bowden House Residential School (for educationally backward girls), near Seaford, Sussex, a resident Matron who will be responsible, under the Head Teacher, for the supervision of non-teaching staff; domestic administration, incl. catering; and simple instruction in housecraft to the girls. Nursing exp. not reqd. School is in charge of Head Teacher and Staff includes assistant teachers, school nurse, children's attendants and cooks. Sal. £230–£15–£275 a year, with emoluments of board, lodging and laundry. Appointment is permanent and the successful candidates will be admitted to Council's Superannuation Fund subject to satisfactory service and medical exam. Applic. forms obtainable from Education Officer (I.S.D/47), County Hall, S.E.1. (2569.)

LEADER required to start Church of England Club for girls and women. Birmingham suburb. Good premises. Box 483, 19-21 Corporation St. Birmingham.

ORGANISER wanted by Jewish welfare and health organisation to take charge of publicity and propaganda. Applicant must have initiative, interest in social work and pref. good contacts in Jewish and medical circles. Applics. with details of exp., refs., and salary wanted to Box 8648.

MEN students' (40) hostel S. London. Wanted cook, intelligence, honesty, more important than exp. £140, all found, good holidays, friendly crowd. Box 8594.

SECRETARY wanted by Jewish welfare organisation, full or part-time, with interest in social work, own initiative and knowledge of German, some French, besides perfect English. Applics. with details about exp., references and salary wanted, Box 8647.

RED Cross, Kent Branch. Asst. Secretary required. Knowledge of Red Cross and ability to type an advantage. Should live locally. Salary by arrangement. Applics. by letter, County Dir. Fallowfield, Chislehurst.

Appointments Vacant—continued

LONDON County Council. An organiser of youth service is required for work in one of the nine divisions of Council's local educational admin. Sal. £425×£25—£550 p.a. Person appointed will be reqd. to assist with provision of facilities for recreation, social and physical training of young people; to assist in organisation of local events; to undertake admin. work arising therefrom including clerking and advising Borough Youth Committees; to carry out such other duties as may be arranged from time to time. Evening work is involved. Applic. forms (stamped addd. foolscap env. necessary), may be obtained from and should be returned to Education Officer (Estab. 2), County Hall, London, S.E.1, by Sept. 15, 1947. Canvassing disqualifies. (2550.)

BIRMINGHAM Borough Labour Party have vacancy for a Secretary-Organiser. Appointment will be made in consultation with National Exec. Committee and salary and conditions will comply with National scale. Applic. forms can be obtained from Secretary, J. Cattermole, 25a, Paradise St., Birmingham, 1, and must be returned duly completed on/before Sat., August 23.

RESEARCH and development engineer reqd. to work in conjunction with chemist and metallurgist in well-known Company's new research dept. First-class mechanical and electrical engineering bridge essential. Design exp. an advantage. Write fullest details in confidence in first inst., stating degrees obtained, posts held, salary reqd., etc., to F. Graucob, Ltd., Ozonair House, Longmore St. S.W.1.

APPLICS. invited for Assistant in Library of the Motor Industry Research Assocn. Candidates should be wholly or partly qualified for Associateship of Library Association and pref. have had exp. in a technical library. Salary scale for qualified assistants is £300–£500 p.a., with superann. under F.S.S.U. Applics. to be addressed to Director, Motor Industry Research Assocn., Great West Rd. Brentford, Middlesex.

ADMINISTRATIVE Assistant reqd. for the S.E. Dist. Workers' Educational Assoc. Duties will include book-keeping, preparation of returns, general office admin. Sal. £300 p.a., rising by increments of £15 p.a. to £360, subject to satisfactory service. Further information from Dist. Sec., 6 New Rd, Chatham, Kent.

CHAIGELEY School, Thelwall, nr. Warrington, req. single person to undertake office work and Secretaryship to the Governors at this recog. school for maladjusted children. Residential position to commence in autumn if possible. Interest in the social aspect of the school's work essential. Apply Secretary, giving age, exp., etc.

APPLICS. invited for full-time post of literary and managing Editor of "Home and Country," official journal of the National Federation of Women's Institutes. Post is open to women only. Starting salary £500. Application stating age, exp., and enclosing copies of testimonials, must reach the N.F.W.I. office, 39 Eccleston St. London, S.W.1., by Sept. 3.

REQUIRED: Art Teacher with some appreciation of psycho-therapeutic value of free art in a progressive school for high I.Q. emotionally maladjusted children. Also required: French Teacher. Burnham Scale. Excellent openings for research on delinquency and various social aspects. Red Hill School, East Sutton, Nr. Maidstone, Kent.

HERTFORDSHIRE C.C. East Barnet Day Continuation School. Applics. invited for post of Principal from qualified teachers (pref. grads.). Post offers an opportunity to gain exp. in experimental work of a County College character and the Governors are looking for Principal with educational interests. Sal. Burnham Technical Scale for Assistants plus £90. Applics. stating qualifics. and exp., together with 2 recent testimonials and names of 2 refs., should be submitted by Sept. 20 to County Education Officer, County Hall, Hertford.

YOUNG resident teacher (N.F.U.) reqd. Sept. General subjects, projects, music or painting essential for children 6-7. Widow with child school age welcomed. Burnham scale. Formosa School, Epping House, near Hertford.

RESIDENT Mistress reqd. in September to take English and Latin in Girls Prep. Day and Boarding School nr. Rugby. Two top forms only, Burnham scale, non-grad. Comf. staff accom. Light supervision duties. Box 8292.

MUSIC Teacher, offering Pianoforte, Singing, and if possible Eurythmics, wanted in Sept. for children 6-12 yrs. in boarding school in N.W. England. Music a big feature in the school. Box 8724.

KINDERGARTEN teacher, exped., wanted in Sept. for interesting post in co-ed. boarding school. Scope for initiative. Crafts and outdoor interests desirable. Moorland School, Clitheroe, Lancs.

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, N.W.3 (Progressive co-ed., 5-17). Reqd. in Sept., two teachers for the Senior School, up to School Cert. standard, (a) for Mathematics, (b) for French. Apply Principal.

CLUB leader (man or woman) for mixed club in Hackney. Sal. £300 p.a. Unfurn. accom. available. Applics. to Employment Officer, N.A.G.C. & M.C., 30-32 Devonshire St. W.1.

WANTED, Crafts Teacher for small Nursing Home for nerve cases (14 beds) nr. Lond. Usual indoor crafts; interest in gardening desirable but not essent. Comf. quarters in staff hostel; meals with patients. Candidate should be ready to help in other departments if reqd. Initial sal. £10 per month. Box 8771.

WANTED, September, helper small day nursery school, Sussex. Fond animals, country. Some experience essential. Box 8369.

RELIABLE person to undertake cookery and housework Sept. Elec. light. Village. One lady. (Country.) Trevelyan, Yetholm, Kelso.

Appointments Vacant—continued

VACANCY in October for a young journalist to establish a publicity and publications department for National Union of Students. Comm. sal. £400. Apply in writing by Aug. 30 to the Sec., N.U.S., 3 Endsleigh St. W.C.1.

INTELLIGENT shthd.-typist for Workers' Relief Fund. Knowledge of correspondence and Yiddish advantage. Applics. Box 8341.

BEDFORD Froebel Training College reqs. a Secretary-Bursar to take up duty as soon as possible. Sal. £450 p.a. For partics. apply: Principal, 14 The Crescent, Bedford.

SECRETARIES, Bookkprs., S/Typs., C/Typs., Telphnsts., Clerks, etc., promptly placed. No charge to staff. Expert Temporary Staff available for holiday relief, etc. Fine's Agency, 95a, Praed St. W. PAD. 1123 (3 lines).

Appointments Wanted

WIDOW offers services as School Matron or Housekeeper—nursing and other suitable experience. Pref. South Coast area (boy at Lancing). First-class refs. Box 8829.

2 YOUNG ex-Servicemen seek worthwhile work o/seas. Earnest, adaptable, humanitarian. Int. arts, lit., electricity, social. Manual labour no deterrent with amenable conditions. Box 8405.

WOMAN Secretary, M.A., 12 years' publishing, educational and other experience, seeks change. Educational, co-operative or women's organisations preferred. Box 8414.

SECRETARY, English, French, German, sh.-typ., medical terms, scientific library work, seeks post. Box 8418.

EDITL. work (part-time) wanted London by Univ. woman (31). Sev. years' exp. prof. journals of indtl. psychology & educ. Box 8421.

MA. Lond. (28), 1st Class Hons. German, French, Span., Ital., Esperanto; 10 years' exp. commercial artist; wide interests, esp. internat. friendship, seeks interesting work—publishing, translation, education, art, library, secretary, etc. Box 8455.

GRADUATE Ex-Officer, 35, admin. and commercial exp., good speaker, journalistic ability (printed evidence), skis, congenial post, pref. work of natl. importance. 1st-class German (expd. Ger.-Engl. translator), gd. Ital., Fr.; some Span., Russian. Adaptable and good worker. Min. £420 to commence. Box 7772.

FOOD Machinery Specialist seeks exec. position. Expd. in Factory and Production planning. Staff Control, Salesmanship. Fluent Fr., German. Travelled Europe and U.S. Desiring assocn. with prog. men for development of food production, new or existing. Res. Aldershot area. Min. sal. £2,000 p.a. Box 8119.

EDUCATED middle-aged woman, exp. retail book-selling, sks. post in London with good-class bookseller or in book and gift shop. Prog. outlook, good presence, reliable. Able take charge while owner away. Box 8404.

TROUBLE-Shooter, 28, Cambridge Hons. graduate, 6½ years field administration war relief and industrial development Europe and Asia, 3 languages, documentary and adult educational exp., seeks useful, exacting job with a future. No fads. Box 8481.

MIDDLE-aged woman, for past 16 years Welfare and Personnel Officer, seeks slightly less strenuous occupation of interesting nature. Can type and has own car. Organising ability and initiative. Miss D. E. Bodley, 31 Flanders Mansions, London, W.4.

WELL-educ. lady (35) with initiative seeks int. post London area. Interests, Politics, Religion, Art, Educ. Box 8465.

SOLICITOR, progressive, seeks post with prospects in/near B'ham. Box 8464.

Schools

ARDMORE, Willes Rd. Leamington Spa. Educ. Backward delicate boys received. Junr./Senr. school. Absolutely individ. tuition. Org. games. Visual film methods. Qual. matron (S.R.N.). Grad. staff. Chance vacancies. Prosp., E. L. Jones, M.A., M.Sc. Tel. 1447.

BROOKLANDS, Crowborough 299. Pre-Prep. Nursery School. All year home. Sound Education and Training. Health excellent.

BADMINTON School, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol. Sound education up to University entrance, broad interests. Apply Head Mistress.

DANE Court, Pyrford, Woking, and Dane Court, Whatcombe, Blandford. Prep. Schools for Boys. Same direction, same ideas, sensible discipline, good food. No evg. prep.

ELMTREES, Great Missenden, Bucks. Co-ed. Home School, 3 to 12 years. Vacancies only in new nursery house, 3 to 5 years. Principal: Miss M. K. Wilson.

ENGLISH Home-School in Alps. children fr. 4 yrs.: Javelle, Salvan, Switzerland.

PINEWOOD, Amwellbury, Herts. Home school for boys and girls, 3 to 13, where diet, environment, psychology and teaching methods maintain health and happiness.—Elizabeth Strachan. Tel. Ware 52.

ST. CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth. Co-education to 18 years in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom. Applications for vacancies from 1950 considered. H. Lyn Harris, M.A., LL.B.; Mrs. Lyn J. Harris, M.A.

SHERRARDSWOOD School, Welwyn Garden City. Co-educational, accommodating 220, ages 5-18. Boarding house (30 boys, 30 girls), at Digswell Park. Vacancies for a few boarders over 10 years. Apply Headmaster, J. D. Eastwood, M.A. (Oxon.).

SHERWOOD School (Epsom 9125).—A co-educ. community, aiming at indep., initiative and friendliness. Schl., Higher Certs.; boarding, day (exc. centre for Wimbledon, Sutton, Kingston, Leatherhead).

WYCHWOOD Girls' School, Oxford, 10 to University age; small classes; exceptional cultural and musical opportunities; self-governing community. Apply, Miss Lee, M.A.